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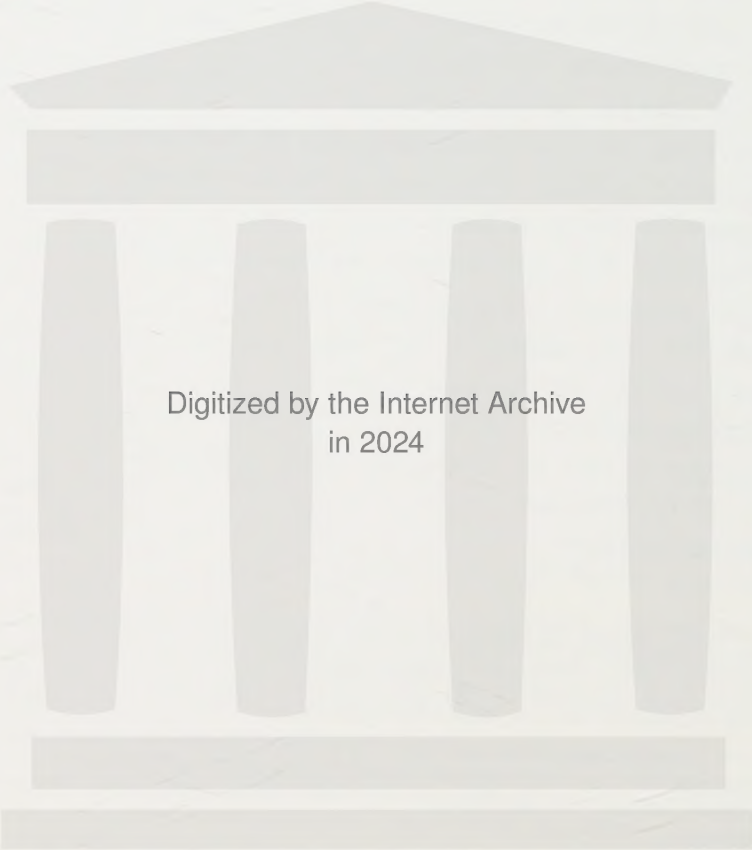
Price 2s. 6d.

Annual Subscription 10s. 6d. post free.

LONDON AGENTS :

MESSRS. JOHN & EDWARD BUMPUS, LTD., 477 OXFORD STREET, W.I.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN MARSHALL LTD., 4 STATIONERS' HALL COURT, E.C.4.



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THE
DUBLIN MAGAZINE

VOL. XIV.—No. 2.
(New Series)

APRIL—JUNE, 1939.

Price 2/6

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY PAUL VALÉRY

COLLOQUE

(pour deux flutes).

A

D'UNE rose mourante
L'ennui penche vers nous ;
Tu n'es pas différente
Dans ton silence doux
De cette fleur mourante ;
Elle se meurt pour nous . . .
Tu me sembles pareille
A celle dont l'oreille
Était sur mes genoux,
A celle dont l'oreille
Ne m'écoutait jamais
Tu me sembles pareille
A l'autre que j'aimais :
Mais de celle ancienne,
Sa bouche était la mienne.

B

Que me compares-tu
Quelque rose fanée ?
L'amour n'a de vertu
Que fraîche et spontanée . . .
Mon regard dans le tien
Ne trouve que son bien :
Je m'y vois toute nue :
Mes yeux effaceront
Tes larmes qui seront
D'un souvenir venues . . .
Si ton désir naquit
Qu'il meure sur ma couche
Et sur mes lèvres qui
T'emporteront la bouche . . .

EXILES FROM SILENCE

By F. R. Higgins

SURELY to-night the lost ebb of bloodties
Moves you, draws you—poor earthly shadows
From out of numb uncharted darkness—
Hearth-wards, my father and O my gay brother.

Ah, to meet you ! I feel your far grey gaze leaning
Behind me ; your yearnings weigh down my eyelids ;
Yes, tremulously we await each other,
Hailed by our one common tongue of silence.

And so from your shy communion, on me
The pale mysteries delicately alight,
As Midnight Mass dreams towards a lone pine
Aerial, sapping the strains of *Silent Night*.

Two Poems by Temple Lane

WATER-COLOR

BRIGHT God !—I wonder who could paint
 The apple-tree : perhaps a saint,
 Sober, celibate and wise
 (A silver flash of Paradise).
 Or some gay sinner whose pretence
 Of vice deplores lost innocence,
 Who in each blossom, half afraid,
 Touches an infant or a maid.

FISHERMAN'S WAKE

WE HEARD the sea below us rake the beach
 Where like a tortured mind the footpath broke.
 Upon a darker night we might not reach
 The dead that slumbered where the living woke—
 For Death can take you, as the wind the smoke.

His dwelling house was white-faced and the thatch
 Hung on its shoulders like a tinker's hair.
 The windows made less light than a struck match,
 But there was fire within—and drink and prayer
 And company and talk, all gathered there.

I heard more sorrow in the calling sea.
 Who can stay fretting, with the neighbours round ?
 Is it not fine for any man that he
 Should lie between the candles, shriven, sound,
 Not battered, homeless, wakeless, like the drowned ?

They waked him proud, the lads around the door,
 The women praying in the room within :
 And when I climbed the stairs to greet once more
 The friend whom last I saw as drunk as sin,
 I thought—For welcome he'll sit up and grin !

Him we knew well for one to spend and shout
 And who but God till now would think him wise ?
 And who but God, like that, could snuff him out—
 To lie brown-habited, with hermit's eyes
 And face that Holy Church might canonise ?

Have you seen beeches, known to you in spring,
 Sun-floodlit when a winter dawn is cold ?
 I, in a cloudbreak, saw that very thing—
 His face more grey than bark, but dusted gold,
 His soul more naked, God's to split or hold.

And out beneath an old, cloud-pelted moon
 I walked with careless steps and heard each wave
 Spitting at rocks which tell not, late or soon,
 Of life past silence closer than the grave.
 The moon escaped, and 'twas *his* grin it gave !

Then had I knowledge of untiring laws
 On which all marvels from the first abide :
 Wisdom and Folly—Wisdom in the pause
 While Folly lays his straw-boy garb aside,
 And Death their servant, yoke-bound as the tide.

W. B. YEATS

By Austin Clarke

AN exciting and almost legendary epoch has passed with William Butler Yeats, and few now of his generation remain. It is difficult as yet to see either his extraordinary career or his poetry in real perspective. He is among those rare men of genius who have in their own lifetime outlived one reputation and gained another. In Ireland, his first reputation as the leader of the Celtic Twilight school was so firmly established for several generations that it is particularly difficult to see the relative significance of his later work. We cannot escape our own surprise. So might a Mallarmé emerge from the delicate intricacies of his art and suddenly appear before us with the breadth and activity of a Verhaeren.

Those of us who were fortunate enough to catch a last glimpse of that time when the Irish literary revival was still an imaginative force and our independence in letters seemed an established fact can best realise how fortunate Yeats was in his period. He had known the Pre-Raphaelites, had lived among the poets and writers of the 'nineties in London, when new and old impulses were mingling: and when he returned finally to Ireland in 1900 at the age of thirty-five, the political and literary movements here were astir and hope was in the air. With Pater, Wilde, Symons and others the new aestheticism had become popular among the small reading public and the poet as artist could be appreciated. Yet even in those days of peace the poet's good fortune and success were remarkable. He had patrons, a theatre of his own, a private press, and publishers ready to reprint his ever-changing versions of plays and poems. Even in the windows of the Dublin bookshops his books were a blaze of gold and in each of them appeared a drawing or reproduced painting of the poet—a dim mysterious figure. His best known lyrics, nicely hand-printed and illustrated, met one's eye in their small frames in the drawing-room of every house with any pretensions to good taste. In all this there was a paradox quite teasing to young earnest minds. This poet of a shadowy world, whose lyrics with an instant spell brought one into a lonely

languid world in which only the whispering reeds disturbed the silence, this companion of fairies, was an active public figure. He lectured in England and America, founded literary societies, engaged in sensational controversies, and was a practical man of the world. The poetry of Yeats is equally paradoxical for we see it too, against the shifting background of his literary life, the theosophical movement and popular occultism, Pre-Raphaelitism, French and Belgian symbolism, the nineties school, and behind all these 'isms' again the ranges of Irish mythology and folk song. Yet the Yeatsian line itself was always unique and self-sustained, despite the poet's own susceptibility to the literary moods of his time. In the 'nineties English poetry had reached an extraordinary degree of musicality, an almost decadent degree, owing to the influence of Swinburne, Morris, O'Shaughnessy, Dowson and others. "Celtic" poetry of the time became identified with this delicate passive strain. When Lionel Johnson wrote on Irish themes he abandoned his hard Latin consonants and, so to speak, employed only vowels. Yeats, as an artist, was wiser than his contemporaries, for he blended this music with the Irish folk lilt and, in the wavering rhythms developed by Moore and Ferguson, found a medium of unusual charm. From Blake too, in whose work he had saturated himself, he drew later that simple piercing note which one finds in the "Wind Among the Reeds." This continual blending and fusion gives an underlying complexity even to his simplest lyric.

A few years after he returned to Ireland, Yeats was for a time almost eclipsed by the powerful masculine genius of Synge. But, with the same artistic patience which he had always shown, he began to strengthen his poetry and adapt himself to the new mood.

I remember going to see Stephen MacKenna on one occasion when he discussed Yeats. MacKenna was accustomed to talk passionately, eloquently and yet with a rapid critical brilliance on whatever subject happened to interest him at the moment. At one time it might be *Carolan*, *Rabelais*—whatever book he happened to be reading. On this occasion he had been reading through the collected edition of Yeats published at Stratford-on-Avon. He elaborated a quick analytic sketch of the poet as delicate artist, supreme in his own way within intense narrow limits: with him a phase had begun, reached its height and ended. Little could MacKenna guess that his own eloquent

translation of Plotinus would inspire Yeats. Yet in the sophistries of neo-Platonism the poet found a sufficiently restless and mobile background of thought for his last and, as critics in England believe, his greatest phase.

The change and expansion of Yeats's work is of immense psychological and artistic interest. The lyric concentration of his early work meant a rigorous exclusion of many other activities and he had obviously prolonged well into maturity that mood of the "lyric boy" which Synge had treated with contempt. This is shown especially in his love poetry in which the dream mood and *sehnsucht* of adolescence lingered on. When Yeats turned towards a barren dry style many thought that his inspiration, as so often happens, was failing. Looking back now, however, we can see that the poet was really dramatising an interesting state of mind, choosing deliberately his images of dessication—the skeleton leaf, the bone, the empty well. Possibly, he might have forced his way into a new form of expression which would be direct, personal and beyond general appeal. Instead, he returned to the major currents of English poetry and found freedom in traditional metre. Except for the influence of Shelley in his very early rejected work, there is very little indication even in his critical essays that Yeats before the age of fifty was interested in historic English literature. Is it possible that he really discovered Milton, Dryden, Donne and all the rest, discovered them emotionally for the first time, at a mature age? In this new composite style the organ notes of English poetry are heard, the ringing music developed by Milton and Dryden.

In pity for man's darkening thought
He walked that room and issued thence
In Galilean turbulence ;
The Babylonian starlight brought
A fabulous, formless darkness in ;
Odour of blood when Christ was slain
Made all Platonic tolerance vain
And vain all Doric discipline.

But this new eloquence is not, I think completely English. It has that individual Anglo-Irish note which one finds in Burke and Grattan and through all this later work there runs the earlier *tremulo*, starting here and there to surprise us in a sudden snatch.

Here, for instance, is the young and the old poet and a mingling of contrary elements in the one poem :—

I, proclaiming that there is
 Among birds or beasts or men
 One that is perfect or at peace,
 Danced on Cruachan's windy plain,
 Upon Cro-Patrick sang aloud ;
 All that could run or leap or swim
 Whether in wood, water or cloud,
 Acclaiming, proclaiming, declaiming Him.

But the chief riddle of this later poetry is that of personality, for it is the interplay of that dramatic personality which gives it mobility and variety. George Moore exploited extravagantly the conflicts and postures of his personality in his early work and in his old age attained a rare singleness of mind and purpose. With Yeats the process is reversed. In his later work the poet is dramatising his personality and every image displays itself instantly to the reader's mind. The quick-changing of masks, the dramatic debates between self and anti-self are exhilarating ; and in the background there is a suggestion of a dark revolutionary Ireland. Making up for lost time and conscious of a wider audience, the poet was obviously choosing as many and as varied themes as possible. It is difficult to judge this poetry at the moment but it seems to me that its appeal is mostly to the young. Take such admired lines as :—

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
 A tattered coat upon a stick, unless
 Soul clap its hands and sing, and louder sing
 For every tatter in its mortal dress.

All this, with its splendid gesture and colour, seems to me more likely to attract the young rather than the experienced. But Yeats's later phase proves the advantage the sheer artist has over the poet who merges his own identity with a personal creed. The mental world of Yeats's last poetry is like that of Renan in his old age, mischievous, volatile, passingly profound and secretly diverting in its sophistries. The artistic gain is a spiritual loss.

The English are bad sportsmen and when Yeats was awarded the Nobel prize in 1923 instead of Thomas Hardy, the leading critic of his day, Sir Edmund Gosse, expressed that discomfiture

in an ungenerous article on the Irish poet. When Yeats succeeded Hardy and Bridges as the *doyen* of English poetry the younger modernist poets, whose theme was disillusion, welcomed him as a convert to their cause. His work up to the age of fifty was dismissed with a contempt which shows the transitional state of English criticism and his later work, with its classical mythology, was acclaimed to the exclusion of everything else. How time will adjust the balance it is difficult to say.

Yeats's attitude to home rule in Irish letters in his later years is somewhat of a mystery. In a poem published after his death he seems to have abjured the modern English school to which he had given his powerful influence and interest.

Irish poets, learn your trade,
Sing whatever is well made,
Scorn the sort now growing up
All out of shape from toe to top,
Their unremembering hearts and heads
Base-born products of base beds.
Sing the peasantry, and then
Hard-riding country gentlemen,
The holiness of monks, and after
Porter-drinkers' randy laughter;
Sing the lords and ladies gay
That were beaten into the clay
Through seven heroic centuries;
Cast your mind on other days
That we in coming days may be
Still the indomitable Irishry.

The lines reveal the poet's life-long delight as an artist in attractive and striking gestures and his characteristic antinomianism. But they recapitulate a past phase rather than prepare the future. In these days of our new materialistic Irish state, poetry will have a harder, less picturesque task. But the loss of Yeats and all that boundless activity, in a country where the mind is feared and avoided, leaves a silence which it is painful to contemplate.

L'AVENIR DU CHRISTIANISME

Par D. Merejkovsky

M. Merejkovsky has been living in Paris since 1919, and at least half a dozen of his books have been translated into English. His famous imaginative study of Leonardo da Vinci, a masterpiece of its kind, has been re-issued recently in an elaborate edition by the Nonsuch Press. This fact gives added point to the following intimate essay.

LE lien intime, rattachant la Civilisation Européenne au Christianisme, est un fait historique évident, même pour ceux des hommes de notre époque, qui n'ont aucune foi chrétienne. Ce lien ne l'affirment-ils pas inconsciemment dans leur appréhension, de plus en plus lucide de la proximité possible des derniers jours de la Civilisation Européenne, jadis chrétienne ? Et si même cette fin n'était encore que celle d'un des grands cycles de l'Histoire, peut-être personne, depuis deux mille ans de Christianisme, n'a jamais découvert aussi clairement que nous, cet extrême horizon que l'expérience religieuse chrétienne appelle la " Fin du Monde." Ce n'est que de la " mythologie " pour ceux pour qui le Christ lui-même n'est qu'un " mythe," soit ! Mais ses ennemis les plus acharnés ne semblent-ils pas être actuellement plus près de cette expérience chrétienne, que les croyants trop placides et prospères ?

La force explosive de toutes les révolutions (et nous semblons avoir actuellement bien compris que nous sommes entrés dans une zone révolutionnaire, d'où nous ne sortirons pas de sitôt)—cette force explosive n'est autre, que le sentiment occulte de la Fin—l'eschatologie pervertie, mais qui, dans ses racines les plus profondes, reste encore et toujours chrétienne.

Un des critiques rationalistes de l'Évangile, parlant de la Fin du Monde et obligé de se servir du terme marxiste *Zusammenbruch*.—" Effondrement de toutes choses," était aussi loin de soupçonner qu'il parlait la langue de la Révolution Sociale, que Marx, en se servant du même terme, l'était de penser qu'il parlait la langue de l'eschatologie chrétienne : tous les deux ne ressemblent-ils pas à ce personnage de Molière qui ignore qu'il parle " en prose " ? Mais les chefs des innombrables multitudes humaines, entraînées dans la Révolution Sociale, de cette terrible nuée de sauterelles apocalyptiques, les chefs ont beau dire, ces multitudes elles-mêmes exhalent déjà l'odeur de souffre volcanique

de la Fin, si non du Monde, du moins de la fin de la Civilisation Européenne. Et c'est peut-être dans la lueur rouge menaçante de l'incendie social, que se rétracte encore et toujours la blanche aurore de la Révolution Divine, car le nom le plus mystérieux et le plus inconnu du Christ qui vient est *le Rebel*, le Libérateur : n'est-ce pas ainsi, qu'on a déjà nommé une fois et que peut-être on va nommer encore une fois ses disciples :

les *Rebelles*, les hommes, qui ont bouleversé le monde.

C'est en ces mornes jours, où se manifestent tous les symptômes de la Révolution menaçante, où sévissent toutes les crises—nationale, politique, sociale, économique, et surtout, cette crise de l'Esprit, qui est la source de toutes les autres—c'est en ces jours, que se pose avec une force tragique telle, comme, peut-être, jamais depuis deux mille ans de la civilisation européenne, la question sur l'avenir du Christianisme.

Le moment critique d'une maladie est celui où le sort du malade se décide : vivra-t-il ou non ? Ce moment semble être venu pour l'Europe. Peut-être n'y eut-il pas crise plus grave, depuis l'invasion des barbares ; peut-être même la crise actuelle est-elle encore plus grave, car la première invasion ne fut qu'extérieure, tandis que celle-ci menace d'être à la fois extérieure et intérieure.

Pour établir le diagnostic d'une maladie, il faut bien voir le visage du malade et se rendre compte de ce que la maladie a fait de lui.

Mais l'Europe a-t-elle un *seul* visage ? N'a-t-elle pas une multitude de visages contradictoires ?

Peut-être ne pourrions-nous pas trouver deux esprits plus synthétiques de toute la Civilisation Européenne, que Léonard de Vinci et Goethe. En effet, malgré toutes leurs dissemblances extérieures, malgré tous les abîmes d'espace et de temps, qui les séparent, ces deux génies se ressemblent précisément dans la synthèse et la conciliation de tous les aspects contradictoires de cette civilisation, comme deux frères jumeaux : derrière eux deux, il n'y a qu'un seul visage, celui de l'Europe.

N'avais-je pas une appréhension vague des destins de l'Europe, quand voici une trentaine d'années, je faisais un livre sur Léonard. Il y a, je crois, plus de quinze ans, depuis la veille de la Grande Guerre, que je n'ai plus ouvert ce livre, comme si je pressentais

que sa lecture ne m'apporterait aucune joie . . . Mais, en ces derniers jours, méditant sur mon thème : Jésus l'Inconnu, l'avenir du Christianisme, je l'ai relu presque comme un ouvrage d'autrui, document d'un passé, déjà lointain, pour moi, et qu'ai-je ressenti ?

On devinera sans doute un de mes sentiments :

Il n'est pire douleur,

Qu'un souvenir heureux dans des jours de malheur.

Mais j'eus encore un autre sentiment. Je n'ai nullement l'intention de faire pénitence ; je ne veux que faire part, avec toute la sincérité dont je suis capable, de mon expérience de trente ans. Dans une de ses parties, la guerre, ce n'est pas seulement mon expérience, celle de la Russie, mais aussi celle de l'Europe. Quant à l'autre partie qui est peut-être la plus instructive et la plus terrible, mais qui n'a pas de nom, car le mot " Révolution " est inexact et insuffisant pour ce qui s'est passé en Russie et pour ce qu'on continue de nommer ici, en Europe, avec tant de légèreté et d'ignorance : " la Révolution russe, " — dans cette partie-là, les européens n'ont pas, et Dieu vous en garde ! la même expérience que moi.

C'est donc, à la lumière de ces deux expériences de la Guerre et de l'indicible Horreur russe, qu'ayant jeté un coup d'oeil sur mon " Léonard de Vinci, " j'ai vu l'erreur, que j'y ai commise, et comment cette erreur se rattache à celle que fait encore une foule d'Européens de haute culture.

Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach ! in meiner Brust.

Deux âmes, hélas ! habitent mon sein ;

L'une d'elles veut s'arracher de l'autre ;

L'une s'attache au monde par tous ses organes palpitants ;

L'autre s'élance vers les demeures célestes . . .

Ainsi parle Goethe-Faust, le dernier Titan de la culture européenne. Son premier Titan, Vinci, pourrait presque en dire autant.

Je croyais donc, il y a trente ans, comme le croient encore aujourd'hui un grand nombre de mes contemporains, que cette coexistence de deux âmes, essayant de s'arracher l'une de l'autre, est possible et naturelle ; que ce n'est pas la folie, mais la sagesse ; que ce n'est pas la maladie, mais la santé ; que ce n'est pas la mort, mais la vie ; qu'on peut vivre dans la haute culture, en voltigeant comme un oiseau, ou en se balançant, comme un

pendu, entre le ciel et la terre, qu'on peut se chauffer à deux feux, sans se brûler ; servir Dieu, en ayant, comme Faust, vendu son âme au diable. Mais Goethe et Vinci ont-ils fait de même,— c'est là la question.

Dans mon livre, Mona Cassandra, la belle diabolresse blanche, qui vole sur un bouc noir vers le sabbat des sorcières, pour séduire un disciple de Léonard, Giovanni Beltraffio, lui montre une "tablette d'émeraude," venant des Ophites, gnostiques d'Alexandrie, et sur laquelle est gravée cette inscription :

Le ciel en haut, le ciel en bas ;
 Les étoiles en haut, les étoiles en bas ;
 Tout ce qui est en haut, est aussi en bas ;
 Tu seras heureux, si tu comprends cela.

Je pensais alors, comme bien des gens le pensent encore aujourd'hui, que ces paroles sont l'absolue vérité, qui n'est plus comprise depuis deux mille ans de Christianisme ; que Dante s'est trompé et qu'il n'y a pas d'Enfer ; qu'il n'y a qu'un autre ciel, "le ciel d'en bas," le Paradis inconnu ; qu'il n'y a pas de diable, mais un autre Dieu, un Dieu inconnu : pas d'Antéchrist, mais un autre Christ, qui n'est pas encore venu : le premier ne nous avait sauvé qu'à moitié, l'autre moitié serait sauvée par celui que les Chrétiens appellent l'Antéchrist. La vérité parfaite consisterait donc dans la synthèse du "ciel d'en haut," et "du ciel d'en bas," du Christ et de l'Antéchrist. Et Léonard de Vinci était pour moi le précurseur de cette synthèse. Mon premier héros fut Julien l'Apostat ; le deuxième fut Léonard, apostat lui aussi. "Tu as vaincu, Galiléen !" a dit l'un, en mourant. "Tu es vaincu, Galiléen !" dira l'autre, l'immortel.

Aujourd'hui, après une expérience de trente ans, après la Guerre et l'indicible Horreur russe, tout cela me paraît un tel blasphème, une absurdité si risible et si effrayante, que j'ai peine à en parler avec un calme même apparent. J'en ai d'autant plus de peine, que j'entends d'ici des voix innombrables, qui me répliquent : "depuis ces trente ans, tu as bien vieilli : tu es devenu sot et poltron ; tu étais alors plus dans le vrai qu'aujourd'hui ; tu proclamais alors une vérité révolutionnaire, et aujourd'hui tu dis un mensonge réactionnaire. Toute notre civilisation européenne, depuis son commencement, la Renaissance, jusqu'à nos jours, qu'est-elle donc, sinon la synthèse conciliant le Christianisme et le Paganisme, ce que tu appelles le "Christ" et

l' " Antéchrist " ? Ou bien il faut répudier à jamais le " monde d'ici bas," ce qu'ont fait ton Christ et ton Christianisme, ou bien il faut accepter ce monde tel qu'il est."

Et le pire est, que ceux qui me feraient cette objection, auraient à *moitié* raison, car le grand scandale de tout mensonge profond, c'est d'être une demi-vérité. Mais " vous les connaîtrez à leurs fruits." C'est maintenant que nous goûtons les fruits amers de ce mensonge dans la crise spirituelle de l'Europe, la question tragique sur l'avenir du Christianisme, dans ce qui nous oblige à examiner si anxieusement le visage de notre mère malade, l'Europe, avec la crainte d'y découvrir déjà le masque de la mort, la face d'Hypocrate.

Non pour me justifier, mais uniquement pour m'expliquer, je veux rappeler ici ce qui se passait non seulement en moi, mais encore en tous ceux de ma génération, à la veille du XX^e siècle. L'aube romantique du Surhomme nietzchéen, de l'Antéchrist, commençait à peine à poindre. J'habitais alors Florence, me préparant à écrire mon livre sur Léonard. La flèche noire d'aucun avion ne perçait encore l'azur immaculée au-dessus de Maria del Fiore, mais le rêve des ailes humaines hantait déjà le monde ; les hommes se grisaient de l'espoir du vol miraculeux, du triomphe de l'esprit sur le corps, sur les lois asservissantes de la mécanique. L'Homme ailé, l'Homme volant, vainqueur des lois de la pesanteur, le Libérateur libéré,—tel serait le Surhomme.

Ces deux rêves, celui du Surhomme et celui des Ailes, se fondirent donc pour moi en un seul : l'aurore romantique du Surhomme de l'Antéchrist, illumina de ses lueurs roses les blanches ailes du Cygne de Léonard.

" De la montagne qui a reçu son nom du *Vainqueur* (*Vinci, vincere*, veut dire ' vaincre '), le grand Oiseau, *il Grande Ucello*, prendra son premier vol, comblant le monde d'étonnement et remplissant tous les livres de son nom immortel. Et gloire éternelle au nid où il est né ! "

Et je vis alors, comme dans une vision d'extase, le Roi de l'air, vainqueur de tous les espaces et de toutes les pesanteurs, le Fils de l'Homme, dans sa gloire et sa force, le grand Cygne, resplendissant comme la neige, dans l'azur du ciel. Oh ! certes, je comprenais déjà que l'athéisme nietzchéen n'était que des langues d'enfants pour le Titan Vinci ; que ce n'était pas seulement de l'Antéchrist qu'il avait été le précurseur, et qu'on pourrait

appliquer à ces deux Titans de l'esprit humain, Goethe et Vinci, ce qu'un ancien biographe a dit de Spinoza : "*homo Deo inebriatus*," "l'homme ivre de Dieu." Je comprenais déjà que tous deux n'étaient rien moins que des matérialistes athées et n'étaient point responsables des déductions plates et stupides que les ignorants tirent de la science.

Quand Vinci étudie la nature, quand il apprend, il prie. Ecoutez-le, n'est-ce pas une prière : "Oh ! qu'admirable est ta justice, Premier Moteur ! o, *admirable guistizia de te, Primo Motore !*"

Sa science est une religion de même que toute la science de Goethe.

Mais il y a dans la religion de Léonard un point ardent qui nous touche particulièrement, qui nous brûle le cœur aujourd'hui plus que jamais : c'est sa répugnance pour la guerre, la "plus bestiale des folies," *pazzia bestialissima*. Jamais peut être parole répudiant plus nettement la guerre n'a été et ne sera prononcé.

La fresque, aujourd'hui disparue que Léonard avait peinte dans la salle de Seigneurie du *Palazzo Vecchio* à Florence, et qui représentait la bataille d'Anghiari, était, à en juger par l'unique dessin qui nous soit resté et par les témoignages de ces contemporains, une de ses plus grandes oeuvres, presque égale à la Sainte-Cène.

C'est la guerre, c'est déjà *notre* guerre, dans toute son horreur, le massacre stupide, le sang mêlé à la boue, "la plus bestiale des folies," qui, selon la terrible parole de Léonard, "ne laisse sur toute la surface de la terre, aucun trou qui ne soit plein de sang." Et c'est toujours à elle, à la guerre, qu'il pense quand il dit "Oui, en vérité, l'homme est le roi des animaux ou pour mieux dire le roi des bêtes, car il les passe toutes en férocité." Et c'est encore à la guerre qu'il pense, lorsqu'il écrit à côté d'un dessin anatomique : "Et toi, homme qui contemple, dans ces dessins les merveilleuses créations de la Nature . . . songe que cette structure corporelle qui te semble si parfaite, n'est rien en comparaison de l'âme qui l'habite, car cette âme, quelle qu'elle soit, est quelque chose de divin . . .

Ne l'empêche donc pas de demeurer dans ce corps . . . et que ta perfidie ou ta fureur ne détruisent pas cette vie si belle, qu'en vérité celui qui ne l'apprécie pas n'est pas digne de posséder."

Oh ! si tous les hommes sentaient ainsi, nous ne serions pas où nous sommes aujourd'hui—à la veille d'une seconde guerre mondiale, d'une seconde Atlantide, plus effrayante, que la première—non plus de feu et d'eau, mais de sang et de feu !

“ Crois-tu à Dieu,” demande Marguerite à Faust. Et celui-ci a cette réponse ambiguë : “ qui oserait dire : “ je crois,” ou “ je ne crois pas ? ” Appelle-Le comme tu voudras . . . Je n'ai pas de nom pour Lui. Le nom n'est qu'un son vide.”

Et le nom du Christ n'est-il aussi qu'un son vide ?

Tu n'es pas chrétien,

Du hast kein Christentum,—

décide Marguerite à propos de Faust : ne pourrait-elle pas dire autant de Goethe ? Et ne pourrions-nous pas en décider de même à propos de Vinci ?

Dans mon livre, le disciple de Léonard, Beltraffio, lui raconte, que, dans un accès de fièvre chaude, le double de son maître lui est apparu.

—“ Il me disait, que tout dans l'Univers n'est que mécanique, que ce que les hommes appellent “ Dieu,” n'est que la Force éternelle, indifférente au bien et au mal, à l'amour ou la haine, à la vie ou à la mort, parce qu'il est comme les mathématiques, où deux et deux ne peuvent faire cinq . . . Il disait que le Christ était venu en vain, qu'il n'avait pas vaincu la mort, qu'il était tombé en poussière dans le sépulcre. Et lorsqu'il eut dit cela, je me suis mis à pleurer. Et il a eu pitié de moi et a voulu me consoler. “ Ne pleure pas, disait-il, mon pauvre enfant ! Il n'y a pas de Christ, mais il y a l'Amour, le grand Amour, fils de la grande connaissance ! Auparavant, l'amour naissait de la faiblesse, des miracles, de l'ignorance et maintenant, il naît de la force, de la vérité, de la connaissance, car le Serpent n'a pas menti : “ goûtez à l'Arbre de la Science, et vous serez comme les dieux.”

Va, crois seulement à ce dicton antique de ma grande
Mère, la Vipère,

Et ta ressemblance aux dieux te fera trembler un jour !

Ces paroles de Méphistophelès, le double de Faust et, peut être, de Goethe lui-même, ne pourraient-elles être ajoutées aux paroles du double de Léonard ?

Que conclure de tout cela, sinon que pour tous les deux,

Goethe et Vinci, la substance de l'Univers n'est ni le bien, ni le mal, ni Dieu, ni le diable, ni la lumière, ni les ténèbres, mais quelque chose de neutre, d'intermédiaire, de semblable à ce clair-Obscur, *chiaroscuro*, que Léonard aimait tant, par lequel il fut si séduit et séduisait les autres.

Un homme aux pensées doubles n'est pas ferme dans ses voies.

Cette parole de l'Ecriture explique mieux, que tout autre, les destinées de ces deux anges ou démons de la culture européenne, Vinci et Goethe. Dante, lui aussi a pour eux une parole d'une profondeur insondable :

Anges qui ne furent ni rebelles,
Ni fidèles à Dieu, mais *furent pour eux-mêmes*.
Angeli che non furono rebelli,
Ni pur fideli a Dio, ma *per se foro*.

Il y aurait eu, au temps où Satan luttait contre Dieu, des anges qui, ne voulant se joindre ni à l'armée de Dieu, ni à l'armée de Satan, restèrent hors du combat, qu'ils contemplèrent avec indifférence. Libres et tristes esprits, ni bons, ni mauvais, ni clairs, ni ténébreux, participant au mal, comme au bien, à l'ombre comme à la lumière, ils furent chassés par la Justice Divine vers la terrestre vallée, à mi-chemin du ciel et de l'enfer, vers la vallée du crépuscule auquel ils étaient semblables, du *chiaroscuro*, si cher au Léonard.

Il semble parfois, que les deux titans de la culture européenne, Vinci et Goethe, soient de ces Anges crépusculaires, qui n'ont pas choisi entre Dieu et Satan.

Mais ne serions-nous pas tous ainsi ?

Je connais tes oeuvres ; tu n'es ni froid, ni bouillant. Plût à Dieu, que tu fusses froid ou bouillant. Mais parce que tu es tiède . . . je te vomirai de ma bouche (Ap. III, 15-16).

C'est le supplice de tous ceux ; qui contemplent sans choisir, que cette soif inassouvie, cette impossibilité d'agir, ce feu inextinguible de l'enfer intérieur.

" Père Abraham ! aie pitié de moi et envoie Lazare, pour qu'il trempe dans l'eau le bout de son doigt et me rafraichisse la langue, car je souffre beaucoup dans cette flamme (Luc. 16. 25).

Pour comprendre ce supplice, il suffit de comparer Léonard de Vinci à Christophe Colomb : l'un avait peu de science, mais

beaucoup de foi, et il a découvert un Nouveau Monde ; l'autre avait beaucoup de Science, mais peu de foi, et, en comparaison de ce qu' il pouvait faire, *n'a presque rien fait.*

Dans mon livre, la mort de Léonard est décrite faiblement et grossièrement, sans pitié. Je n'ai pas entendu le choeur des Anges, sur Faust périssant et sur Léonard.

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.

Mais peut être ai-je cependant su deviner ce tourment de l'impuissance, qui fut le supplice de toute la vie de Léonard, et auquel il fut entièrement en proie à la veille de sa mort.

Son rêve : " nous volerons, nous serons comme des dieux," ne s'est point réalisé, ni pour lui, ni pour nous. L'homme, sur la machine volante, reste esclave de la pesanteur, de la mécanique, de la mort ; il est toujours le ver rampant dans la poussière. Le nouvel Icare est voué au même sort misérable que l'Icare antique. Les ailes extérieures, sans les ailes intérieures, ne sont que des chaînes. Goethe-Faust, qui avait lui aussi rêvé des ailes, l'a bien compris :

Ach ! zu des Geistes Flügeln wird so leicht
Kein körperlicher Flügel sich gesellen.

Ne pourrait-on pas en dire autant de toute notre culture européenne ? Tout extérieure, n'est-elle pas comme le corps sans âme ; qu'un cadavre ?

Apercevant de loin un figuier, qui avait des feuilles
Jésus alla voir s'il y trouverait des fruits ; mais,
S'en étant approché, il n'y trouva que des feuilles.

Et il lui dit : que jamais plus il ne naisse de toi aucun
fruit ! Et aussitôt le figuier sécha.

Puisse-t-il n'en être pas de même de toute notre civilisation chrétienne ! Que de feuilles, que de saintes paroles, de pieuses contemplations, et pas un seul fruit, pas une seule action sainte !

Voici donc la première et la dernière question sur l'avenir du Christianisme, posée par la crise de l'Esprit dans la Civilisation Européenne : qui est notre vrai guide Goethe—Vinci, ou le grand méconnu, le prophète de l'Europe chrétienne, Dante ?

Exiger des hommes du XX^e siècle qu'ils reviennent à la Somme de Théologie de Saint-Thomas d'Aquin, à l'ossature philosophique de la Divine Comédie, serait aussi absurde que

d'offrir à un homme des langes d'enfant pour vêtements. Nous ne pouvons plus *penser* comme Dante, mais nous pouvons toujours *vouloir* ce qu'il voulait ; nous pouvons vouloir que "la pierre rejetée par ceux qui bâtissent soit devenue la pierre angulaire," et que le monde sache "qu'il n'y a de salut qu'en Jésus de Nazareth, car il n'y a sous le ciel aucun autre nom qui ait été donné aux hommes par lequel nous devions être sauvés."

Vinci et Goethe ne savent pas, ou ne veulent pas savoir son nom ; Dante le sait, et nous pourrions l'apprendre de lui. Nous le pourrions, mais nous ne le voulons pas. Nous avons oublié le nom du Christ. Qui, en effet, se souvient de ce que veut dire : "Jésus est le Christ—*Roi* ; le Christianisme est le *Règne* de Dieu" ?

Dans l'Eglise, le nom du Christ est facilement prononcé, mais il se prononce, sans que le monde l'entende et soit sauvé par lui. De plus en plus l'Eglise s'éloigne du monde et le monde de l'Eglise. Ici, dans le monde, il est très difficile, presque impossible, de prononcer le nom du Christ, car les enfants de ce monde, les fils de la haute culture européenne, semblables à leurs guides, Vinci et Goethe, refusent de connaître ce nom, ou ce qui est encore pis, lui restent indifférents. Ils sont "ni froids, ni bouillants, mais tièdes," précisément tels que ceux que le Seigneur a promis de "vomir de sa bouche."

Et c'est en vain qu'au bord du gouffre nous tendrions nos mains vers nos deux guides aveugles, nos deux Titans enchaînés, Vinci et Goethe : ils ne pourraient point nous sauver, car il n'y a pas de sauveurs, il n'y a qu'un Sauveur, Celui qui a dit à tous ceux qui périssent, et peut être à nous plus qu'à tout autre, depuis deux mille ans de Christianisme :

hors de Moi, vous ne pouvez rien faire (Jean, 15. 5).

Le fruit le plus amer de l'indicible Horreur russe est un esclavage tel que non seulement les Européens d'aujourd'hui, mais les anciens Égyptiens de l'époque des Pyramides ne pourraient se représenter. Hommes de l'Europe libre—oui, malgré toutes les horreurs prétendues ou réelles du capitalisme, du militarisme, du fascisme, etc.—hommes de l'Europe libre, si vous ne voulez pas devenir esclaves, souvenez-vous de Celui, qui a dit et qui dit encore à tous les esclaves et à nous peut-être, plus qu'à personne :

Vous connaîtrez la vérité et la vérité vous affranchira.

Si le Fils de l'homme vous affranchit, vous serez vraiment libres.

Oh ! si nous pouvions bien comprendre le discours sur la Fin du Monde, prononcé par Jésus sur la montagne des Oliviers, peut-être serions-nous sauvés.

Seigneur ! quand t'avons-nous vu ayant faim, ou ayant soif, ou étranger, ou nu, ou malade, ou en prison et ne t'avons-nous pas assisté ?

Et il leur répondra : " Je vous le dis en vérité, toutes les fois que vous n'avez pas fait ces choses à l'un de ces plus petits, c'est à moi, que vous ne l'avez pas fait.

Où les hommes de nos jours pourraient-ils mieux comprendre ce que cela veut dire ? Dans les églises ? Non, mais dans les bas-fonds révolutionnaires, au bagne, dans les prisons, les hôpitaux, les lupanars—partout où l'homme est écrasé par le joug social le plus lourd.

Cette image du Jugement Dernier, si naive, si enfantine et si populaire, qu'elle semble être dessinée pour les barbares et les sauvages, devient soudainement, si on la comprend bien, l'image la plus colossale et la plus réelle de l'Histoire Universelle.

C'est *maintenant* qu'aura lieu le Jugement de ce monde.

Oui, c'est maintenant, c'est aujourd'hui même, dans l'éternel *Avènement*, l'éternelle Présence du Seigneur, c'est aujourd'hui même que se décide, dans le Dernier Jugement de l'Histoire Universelle la question, qui nous touche du plus près, celle d'aujourd'hui et de demain—la question, que nous appelons : *Problème social*. Chacun de ceux qui sont rassasiés, riches et oisifs, reconnaîtra dans chacun de ceux qui travaillent, qui sont pauvres, qui ont faim, le Fils de l'homme, le Frère de l'homme.

Est-il possible de se charger du problème social, de s'y incarner plus qu'Il ne le fait ; de dire aux hommes plus clairement qu'Il ne le dit : " votre Egalité se réalisera-t-elle dans l'esclavage, la haine, la mort, ou bien dans la liberté, dans l'amour, la vie éternelle—cette question, c'est Moi."

C'est ici, comme nulle part, c'est aujourd'hui, comme jamais, c'est dans nos yeux, comme dans ceux de personne, que Jésus l'Inconnu regarde.

DARRELL FIGGIS: A PORTRAIT

By Padraic Colum

THE picture that my mind holds of him shows Darrell Figgis as having the lineaments of an Englishman rather than of an Irishman, but of an Englishman of the Elizabethan age. He looked like a portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh. Or rather he looked as if he might have been with the velvet-cloaked and silken-vested noblemen who stand on the steps of Marguerite de Valois's garden in *LES HUGENOTS*. He was adventurous and many-sided like the Elizabethan Englishman; he was ready to write verse, plays, novels, history, social studies. Then he had a handsome beard and fine eyes and he dressed up to them; in a city where there is a good deal of carelessness in the matter of dress, Darrell Figgis was always fittingly and at the same time colourfully attired; I remember that when he came to Dublin first he donned saffron kilts, and he looked mighty well in them.

Though he belonged to a Dublin family he had lived in Ceylon and in England (he had had some connection with a tea-estate, I think), and when he was first heard of he was attached to a group of young poets in London. He was definitely English at that stage. Then he took to cultivating the Irish side of his personality. He lived in Achill amongst a genuine Gaelic folk; he became a student of Irish lore, and after MacNeill, the historian, and A.E., the worker for a co-operative nationality, had communicated their ideas to him, he became the prophet of the Gaelic State. The people who would try to follow A.E.'s ideas of agricultural co-operation, he wrote, "will find themselves like those who think they have broken into a new country, who afterwards discover signs and ruins of the cities of their fathers who had lived there before them." Up to the end of his career he professed his faith in a racial memory that had the power to re-create a Gaelic civilization that would be aristocratic in its temper, democratic in its functioning. Even after he had become a legislator, he professed this faith.

I was in Achill and with him when the news came that was to give direction to the rest of his life. (But there was only twelve years more until his life ended in despair). It was the news of the formation of the Irish Volunteers. He was not favourable to the Volunteers then; he professed to think that they might be used against Dublin labour which had just formed its Citizen

Army. However, in the Spring of 1914, he came over to Dublin from London, stayed with me, and asked me to introduce him to certain men who were leaders in the Volunteer movement, especially to Roger Casement and Eoin MacNeill. Some months afterwards, on a Saturday of one of the weeks immediately preceding the opening of the European War, I met him in a street in Dublin. I had come in from Howth where I had been staying, and he had been away from Dublin for some time. After we had taken a drink together, he dropped a hint of a happening that was likely to take place at Howth next day. I partly guessed what the happening might be, and the next forenoon, when the Volunteers took possession of the approaches to the harbour, I knew it had to do with the landing of arms.

One of the rank and file of the Volunteers, I was with the rifle receivers; I took Eoin MacNeill and Darrell, who had come on the pier, to lunch in the Hotel, where my wife and I were staying—the St. Lawrence Hotel. The episode that followed was very characteristic of Darrell. He walked up and down the room telling me—I was writing for a foreign journal—how he had gone to Hamburg, how he had procured the rifles, how he had got them on board the yacht that had just delivered them to us. As he talked he made himself the centre of the whole historic episode. “Darrell Figgis went to Hamburg—I may say that, may I not, Eoin?” “Yes.” “He bought the rifles as machine-parts—I may say that, may I not, Eoin?” “Yes.” Eoin MacNeill, anxious because no message had come back from the Volunteers marching towards Dublin, stayed at the window, watching. And Darrell walked up and down the room, trying to make sure that the story would be told in the version that seemed so plain to him. Here was a man who could do a hazardous thing, and who had no scruples about letting the world hear how he did it.

His self-centredness was such as to prevent his having any understanding of the public's estimate of him. After the death of Michael Collins, when the ministry of the Provisional Government was in disarray, I said to him, “They may make you Minister for External Affairs.” I should not have said it, for I knew perfectly well that Darrell Figgis was not the sort of man who is ever trusted by men who form ministries, and I knew that at that moment he was trusted less than ever. With that assurance

and deliberation with which he always spoke of political affairs, he said : " I should not take any ministry unless I were allowed to chose my colleagues." That is, unless he was made president. When he said that I knew how isolated he was. He had a complacency that must have been due to a sort of callousness. And yet he would have made an able minister—a possible minister, too, if he were given a portfolio without a seat in the cabinet. He had application and capacity for work with the power of giving directions and getting people to work ; he had executive ability ; he could be impressive in his statements and impressive in his personality. Arthur Griffith had made him Chairman of the Committee that had drafted the Constitution, and no fault had been found with his conduct of the inquiry that the Committee had carried out. His delivery of the German rifles in 1914 had at least shown great resource.

Arthur Griffith trusted him, and probably if Griffith had lived, Darrell Figgis would have been put in a position of responsibility. As a Deputy in the legislature of the new state he had no particular influence.

He was in Achill when the news came to him of the insurrection in Dublin, and he has left a record of how the news affected him—

Hardly could I hear her. I looked on that day of breathless beauty, of peace poised in perfect balance. Voices rose up from the land where the Spring work, long delayed after a bad winter, was in full swing. Voices of men, voices of women, and the barking of dogs flowed over the land pleasantly. It was not strange that the mind found some difficulty in recognizing the meaning of this tale of war that came like a stream of blood across the peace and beauty of the day. Yet already, as I looked it was apparent that the stream was spreading. Knots of men were standing in the fields and on the road in discussion, and the women were leaving their work on the land and moving towards their cottages.

Figgis, who was organizer for the Volunteers, was arrested ; this is his reaction to his first imprisonment :—

When the door clanged behind he, and I heard the key grating in the lock, I glanced quickly round the little space that held me, and a sensation as of suffocation came over me. I

was almost overpowered by the desire to shout aloud, to throw myself on the wall and to batter it with my fists. This was followed by the thought of utter helplessness. Tears had need to be controlled. I remember standing in the middle of that little cell and vowing, if ever I came out of it, that I would never permit the caging of birds. Not that I had ever desired to cage a bird, but now that the terror of confinement became a distinct and poignant reality, it expressed itself in that earnest protest.

These passages are from his "Recollections of the Irish War, 1914—1916," his posthumous book. It is a record of action by a writer—that is by a man gifted with imaginative energy and power of expression. There were in the movement he celebrates, men who went through more rousing episodes. But none of these men, I imagine, could give to what they might write that sense of immediacy that is in what Darrell Figgis has written. Here are grave situations written about, not as if the man had been struck dumb by them, or had a mind too much preoccupied to realize them, or was in them by a sort of blunder, but in the manner of a real writer—in the manner of a man who has the faculties for translating the crisis into mental terms.

But he was an unaccountable man, Darrell Figgis; one of the most unaccountable men I ever knew. Outwardly, he was candid, amiable, companionable; inwardly, he was self-centred to an astonishing degree. He was a man who could be counted on to do a dangerous thing, and he was a man who, having done that thing, would be endlessly loquacious about it. Like many another man who has something in him that isolates him from his fellows, Darrell Figgis was moved by certain great abstractions. Very characteristic of the man was the way of escape from misery that he found for himself during his second imprisonment—

For as I tramped my cell those nights, with my body in pain, and my mind in a storm, I suddenly sailed into quiet seas, looking out on waters of tranquil harmony. The change began by my attempting one night to recover one of the melodies from Beethoven's Symphonies, and to follow it through all its subsequent intricacies. Night after night, then, I sought to bring back from the chambers of memory all that they had stored of melody and harmony, and melody breaking into harmony. I went through all Beethoven's

Symphonies in this way, patiently, persistently ; and it was strange to note how some of the motives most familiar to me would tease the mind, just beyond the margin of recovery, and then flood the brain like the vision of another world I remember my next-cell neighbour (the Gaelic writer An Seabhadh) asking me what I was doing, whistling half the night. He asked me more in wonder than vexation. But I whistled more softly thereafter. For the joy of my nightly world was that none shared it with me. The sniping from the rere had made me shy of my fellow-men.

The West of Ireland landscape, I think, had the same effect on him as this music had. It gave him something of the same kind of liberation. Walking with him across the Achill Peninsula, I felt how responsive he was to all that could be seen in that lone, wild countryside. I stood with him on a hillside in the moonlight, feeling that the scene made him a kind of visionary. His best poems, the best passages in his novels, have on them the influence of this landscape :—

Sweeping the sides of the mountains gaunt and high,
 Floating about their faces in the pool,
 A shadowy presence with a rustling sigh
 Crept through the valley till the valley was full :
 My horse's hoofs fell softly as on wool :
 Riding the road through the Bogac Ban.

In musical measures like an echo dim
 The hosting held its secret path unseen :
 Slieve More looked down on Maam, and Maam to him
 Looked up, with Loch nan Ean between :
 Riding the road through Bogac Ban.

A new world and a new scene mixed its power
 With the old world and the old scene of Earth's face
 A doorway had been folded back an hour ;
 And silver lights fell with a secret grace
 Where I endeavoured the white path to trace,
 Riding the road through Bogac Ban.

Within my mind a sudden joy had birth,
For I had found an infinite company there ;
The hosting of the companies of the earth,
The hosting of the companies of the air,
Treading the road through Bogac Ban,
The white, strange road through Bogac Ban.

And then there is that fine passage in his novel, "Children of Earth," in which the music of the open spaces passes into the music of the storm—

There was an infinity of music in the roaring that filled the night. The texture of sound was as complicated in its intimacies as it was terrifying in its vastness. It was both organ-like and organic. When the congregated sons of power sang each his note to the buffets of the wind that tore at their sides, swept upon them, above them, and around them—so each blade of bog-grass, each blade of swaying heather, each bulk of sodden moss, each stream that rushed to the valley, each pool of bog-water, each hummock, had its individual voice. It was yet the voice of open spaces. There was a surge and a sway, a vast impetus of freedom, in that music to declare that neither bush nor tree in that inky darkness intercepted the course of the wind with an alien cry. Freedom, distance, space, and speed were the indissoluble constituents of that hymning of Earth, even where it was most complicated in its texture. Its very fury had a gesture of gauntness. Its very frenzy was severe and stern. Through a darkness that crushed the brain came the sense of wide space and unstaying speed.

"Children of Earth," although it is one of the best Irish novels, had no success. Perhaps the fact that it was published during the first tumult of the European war left it something of wasted effort. Still, I am inclined to think that if "Children of Earth" had been written by any other Irish writer and published even at that moment, it would have left a mark. Figgis, for some reason, could not make himself recognized as a writer. His "Return of the Hero" was received with acclamation, but then it was published under a pseudonym, and there were people who thought it was by James Stephens. I heard Yeats say when it was known in Dublin that "The Return of the Hero" was by Darrell,

"I'm afraid we'll have to recognize Figgis as a literary man, after all."

His "Recollections of the Irish War" tells how Darrell Figgis was made agent for the first purchase of rifles for the Irish Volunteers, and of how, with Erskine Childers, he managed to procure them from the firm of Michael and Moritz Magnus, "genuine friends of Small Nationalities, professing nothing large, but practising their faith and friendship consistently, neglecting fine speeches and directing their attention to good deeds," and how, on a July day, he managed to get them on board a yacht in the North Sea; it tells of that first confrontation with British military power on that fateful Sunday when the rifles were landed at Howth; it tells how Darrell, by engaging the Police Commissioner in a parley, helped the Volunteers to make a get-away; it tells, as a parenthesis, the story of the insurrection of 1916, and tells it admirably; it tells of Figgis's first arrest; then of the organization of Sinn Fein in 1917-1918, of the arrest of the leaders of Sinn Fein, and of the startling consequences of leaving the obscure Michael Collins at the head of the movement; it tells of the declaration of the Republic, of the guerilla war, and then of the coming of the Treaty. Anyone who wants to understand the forces that go to the making of a revolution had better read this book that has in it the insight of a writer and of a student of affairs. Like all other revolutions, the Irish revolution only succeeded through the collaboration of the forces opposed to it: as Darrell Figgis shows, the British command in Ireland, over and over again, gave a much needed strength to the revolutionary forces; it helped the Volunteers, it helped Sinn Fein, it helped Dail Eireann by its surprising but quite accountable mistakes. The insight of the book is matched by the even temper in which it is written. For the British soldiers who kept him "on the run," even for the crazy Black and Tan officer who sentenced him to be hanged and was going to carry out the sentence himself, Darrell Figgis has no enmity. He was on good terms with neither of the two men whose policies were to divide Ireland—neither with Eamon de Valera nor Michael Collins—and yet he gives a very fair and a very fine account of each of them. It was Collins who hurt Figgis the most: when Darrell was in his English gaol, Michael contrived to have him removed from the governing body

of Sinn Fein. Collins aimed at capturing this political organization for the Volunteers, and then at subordinating the Volunteers to a secret military Council drawn from the Irish Republican Brotherhood. A brilliant party manager as well as a great chief of staff, Collins managed to have the officers who favoured Griffith's policy of passive resistance flung overboard. Darrell was dropped, and dropped when he had been arrested, and for this he never forgave Michael Collins. And yet he gives a more memorable picture of that astonishing young man than Collins' biographer succeeds in giving :—

As I left the great hall, the Convention over, I was suddenly stopped by a strange sight. Behind one of the statues with which it is surrounded stood Michael Collins and Harry Boland. Their arms were about one another, their heads bowed on one another's shoulders, and they were shaking with laughter. They did not see me. Their thoughts were with their triumph. Little any of us knew that in three years both these two men, locked in one another's arms sharing a common triumph, would lie dead, each slain by the other's agents. Who will say that Life, and Time for servant, are not master-ironists, pitiless in their mockery ?

And another picture of Collins :—

He had always a truculent manner, but in such situations he was certainly candour itself. As I looked on him while he spoke, for all the hostility between us, I found something refreshing and admirable in his contempt of us all. His brow was gathered in a thunderous frown, and his chin thrust forward, while he emphasized his points on the back of a chair with heavy strokes of his hand. He was a great foeman when he fought thus—a worthier foeman than when he manipulated organizations.

Collins, at the moment, was striving to force Griffith's hand :—

. . . saying that the sooner fighting was forced and a general state of disorder created through the country (his words in this connection are too well printed on my memory ever to be forgotten), the better it would be for the country. Ireland was likely to get more out of a state of general disorder than from a continuance of the situation as it then stood. The

proper people to take decisions of that kind were ready to face the British military, and were resolved to force the issue. And they were not to be deterred by weaklings and cowards He told the meeting with forceful candour that he held them in no opinion at all, that, in fact, they were only summoned to confirm what the proper people had decided.

And even for those who have no special interest in Irish affairs, "Recollections of the Irish War" is well worth reading. In the writing of the book there is considerable charm—the charm of this man who, although he had not many friends, would have liked to make and keep friends. As far as I remember I never heard him speak bitterly of his fellows: this may have been from complacency as much as charity. He had a resiliency that made him companionable and entertaining. Egoist though he was, he had in him both fantasy and laughter. He speaks of himself as a wanderer whose time was mortgaged to necessity. He was not a wanderer; he was not casual enough to be that; he was a condottiere. Never completely disinterested in what he did, he could, like the great condottiere, get to know the arts and histories of the cities he went through, swap sonnets with their poets, and talk interminably with their philosophers, and have one or two people near him—but no more than one or two—who would have been confident that he would win to a dukedom. He reached to what was best in himself when he stood away from all that the condottiere in himself strove for when he felt the influence of a wild landscape and recorded it.

The last time I was to see Darrell Figgis was after that terrible catastrophe, his wife's suicide—probably a year afterwards, for I had not been in Dublin for some time. I was staying in the Arts Club; he came in to see me, and then explaining that his relations weren't good with a certain group there, he took me over to his flat. At the moment he was getting ready for publication a book on Blake's pictures: he read some passages to me, and I remember that he was particularly pleased with the way he contrasted the spirit of the verses illustrated—Blair's, I suppose—with the spirit of the illustrations; I remember how well he relished his phrase about the poet's "mild tropes." Very earnestly he told me that Millie, his dead wife, was helping him with this work,

her voice coming to him very distinctly. When the book was published he would visit America to lecture to political societies on constitution-making. Then with the prestige from an American success investing him he would go up for election for the Free State Senate (he had been up for election before but had failed to get returned). With a seat in the Senate his political career would be stable for seven years—as a deputy's it wasn't very tenable. And so Darrell talked pleasantly in that book-filled little flat about his own advancement. No doubt amongst his plans, conditioning them, was a plan to make a second marriage.

But all plans were shattered; a second catastrophe befell Darrell Figgis: it, with its sequels broke through his self-centredness, and there was nothing for him but a self-inflicted death. Now with that mournful end in my mind, I read one of his "Songs of Acaill":—

There is no peace now however things go,
No peace where the ways of men ring loud,
Save in a secret place that I know
Hidden as in a cloud.

All the high hills stand clustering round
Arched to protect it from trouble and noise,
The great strong hills that sing without sound,
And speak with no voice.

There lies Caorog, the mute low lake,
And Bunnafreimhe lying aloft,
Peacefully sleeping, or even if they wake,
Lapping low and soft.

Upon the high hilltops the heather may be crying
And over the hilltops the voices of men are heard,
But here only water lapping and sighing,
Or the wail of a bird.

Peace, peace, and peace from the inner heart of a dream,
More full of wisdom than speech can tell,
Dropt like a veil round the show of things that seem,
With an invisible spell.

ADMETUS

By D. Murphy

THE faithful Alcestis awoke remembering that she was dead indeed, because the women's songs were ended, and there was silence. Darkness was inside her eyes and outside, and the flame of longing had left her body. Some one came on a swift foot and caught about her, and she was lifted from her hollow stone, and so great was the power of the ravisher that even her clothes of sheep's wool knew the roughness of his hairy arms. She said to herself: Now has Hades got me at last, and I am worth nothing at all. Because now she thought already to see far off the oily glances of the underground rivers. And the faithful Alcestis shut her eyes and knotted the eyelids to her cheeks, so that the sight of the dark pools and rivers and the steep rocks, and the tormented looks of angry and envious shades assembled at the place of embarkation, would not affright them. But another light burnt on her face, and a warm wind melted the dew of fear that stood on her forehead. The strong arms binding her loins trembled so that her heart moved and the breath came into her throat. She heard the panting breath of him who carried her high, and stones were scattered by his heavy foot. Now she was laid down once more, but the place where she rested was warm and smooth, and she smelt myrtle, rosemary and nettles.

Then the fair Alcestis believed that she was not dead at all, and her eyes were blinded again by day. She was stretched in the grass beside a road, and bright air spread and thistles stood on every side. Looking to the right, by attention she saw goats move here and there among rocks, and a boy leapt from one rock to the next; and looking then to the left she saw the cottage of the herd with a sloe bush on its roof like the dwelling of Eumaeus. And at her feet a man sat who ate what he took out of a leather bag. His chest was as broad as a door, and his beard was thick and black, resembling the mane of a black colt; and to show that he was a hunter he wore for a mantle the whole skin of a fierce beast with the claws and teeth still adhering in their places by means of knotted wire. When he had done his eating he slung the bag on his girdle, and when had looked at her with knowing eyes, after long meditation, he said: "I am thirsty." She did not answer him, because she knew that he would be thirsty. He was a hunter, without his dogs and bow, but he meant no harm.

"O wife of my friend Admetus," he said, "you look at me without speaking because you do not remember my name. My mother is Alcmene, and I am Heracles, grandson of the Theban Alceus; but I go from one place to another, avoiding kindred." The eyes of the able Heracles did not rest quiet while he spoke, but glanced and darted off like the eyes of a thief or a story-teller. When he had paused a long time to remember what more to say, he spoke again: "I was gone from Tiryns at the wish of the baron Eurystheus towards Thrace, for why Diomedes unlawfully took away his four great horses and his silver car. I go meaning to bring them back, and now rambling on my way in Thessaly I come to the hall of my friend Admetus of Pherae. And as the old man said at the gate, when I bade him seek me Admetus inside the hall, I shall either come away having mastered the Thracian baron and the great horses which do not belong to him, or remain there being dead. This day I have heard no such other wise saying. Explain, then, queen wife of Admetus, why all things with you and your hospitable husband in your house are at sixes and sevens, and why there is mourning, and funeral music, and a garland, and why they have laid you in a grave-house near the road to Larisa, with bad ceremony if you were dead, and no sense at all as you are living. Admetus sent me in to feast alone, saying no word of why or wherefore, and I am the worse still for the wine I drank alone in a silent house, with none but dumb servants behind me. Because when the son of Alcmene is left by himself, something too much has always been only enough for him. So when I had feasted a little, they told me the house was mourning the queen herself, and my meat turned to poison in me; and being the worse again for grief and madness, I took it on me before the gods to serve the noble Admetus. And there I came quickly without discretion and took you up out of the grave-house, having run alone and out of my wits, and now I am come with you to this place not knowing whether I do too well or too badly."

Afterwards the woman answered him from where she lay, stretched by the roadside: "O Heracles, I know not what you have done, unless all strange things can be answered for. You have stolen me living out of the tomb where I was dead indeed by the permission of the prophet god. Because the death I had on me was not my own but my husband's, the god allowing it in recompense for his piety. A month ago Phoebus came in a dream at

midnight to him, and he told my husband it was ordained for him to die on this day. But again he said Admetus stood in his favour by reason of a sacrifice done long ago, when the god came to his gate in the shape of a landless herd, and therefore he might not die if another implored to die in his place to satisfy the blind maiden gods. But all the people turned away. Because even those whose foreheads are bent down to the ground with sufficiency of years live a good life within their dark mind, and the smell of the soup pot consoles them for not being loved. Because they were secured by nature, their lips being fortunate. Hence, seeing that Admetus was afraid to die, and seeing that the lot of widow and fatherless children is hard, when the dead husband no more owns them and they fall by cruel custom into the keeping of the envious uncle and greedy father, I wished that I was the one to die in his place. And the god heard me, so that I fell trembling and faint. Admetus is this day beside himself, and what he's doing or what he has done to carry me to a blessed grave he doesn't know. Say nothing to him yet. While I speak these words he is stricken in sorrow, and ashamed and angry, because they will for ever and ever say he killed me, with the fear of dying that was on him for a month, and only now the wish that he was dead instead of me. All this day I have fainted and perished, since the sun was over Pelion, and at the height of noon I was given from among the living. In one hour the star will be falling under the mountain called the Dog's Head by the villagers, and I am still living. Leave me here, now, that I may end my life." Then the faithful Alcestis shut her eyes and waited.

The nimble Heracles rose to his feet in a bound, and came looking down on her. He said :

"There is a proverb, that it is the nature of mortals to die." Then he stroked his beard instead of saying anything more, and scratched his ear.

But in a little while Alcestis climbed on her knees, and then on her feet, and when Heracles stooped to take her up from the ground, she cried : "Leave me, prince, I am able to walk." Because having carried her so far already, it was only a short journey to the houses of Pherae.

They had scarcely advanced more than the length of a goat-hide when Heracles took her arm in his fist and said : "Queen, daughter of Pelias, this man is your servant to do all that is

obligatory, but you must know I am not able to let you walk. No woman can walk beside me, because I can't walk beside. To say nothing of the doubt I have concerning the strength of your knees, whenever I am not chosen to do what I am fitting to do a fury comes into my joints. I run on, I prance, and maybe tear a branch off a tree to satisfy the thoughts that leap one by one from my stomach into my head. Therefore I ask your leave to take you up in the hook of my arm, so that my mind may be occupied."

He carried her, and soon they came to the top of the hill in sight of the houses of Pherae and the hall of Admetus.

Now Alcestis had been considering what kind of meeting this would be, between a widower and his wife, and she was piously afraid, being of noble race and having a sense of proportion. Very wisely she deemed it necessary to follow some gradual device in bringing the encounter, so that her husband might be spared the uncomely surprise of one who can't believe what his eyes are looking at, and thinks them deserted by the other senses. When she had duly weighed the subject in her mind she commanded Heracles, saying :

"Set me upon my feet again, Prince. Because it is not sober conduct, for a man to carry me all in garlands like a kid to an altar. I must not speak till this occurrence is explained, because the sayings of the ignorant are unwholesome. Therefore I must conceal my face ; and do you, giving me to my husband, praise me for a flute-player you bring to amuse him till what time you shall return to take her back."

When he had done the first thing she desired, the woman unwound the wreath of flowers and leaves already dry and threw it from her. Then she covered her head with her veil of yellow gauze, and this done she gave herself to be carried onward again. Heracles said nothing at once, because he was slow of speech ; but before a minute his breast was shaken, and he laughed so that his legs tottered. His head was obliged to be hung back so that he could go upright and not choke.

"Why do you laugh ?" the woman asked, because his laugh was boisterous and not good to be near.

After he had gratified his laughter, the strong-voiced Heracles made answer : "Would that I had said the joke first, and not you. For all at once I remember that I left my friend Admetus

and he crushing his shadow into the ground, while fountains of tears streamed away from him one on each side—*oi ! moi, moi !* And all the men of Pherae bent over him revolving their long jaws like a number of ancient rams as they mentioned another and another wise sentence. 'A chance,' they said ; 'a chance you could not govern, has struck you.' And he, down there : 'Aie, aie !' And they, he roaring : 'Now you have thrown away the bridle of your grief. Never again to be amongst faces and one of them the face of your wife is a sad thing. But no man living can say he is first to lose a dear bedfellow.' And thereupon he kicks the loudest and nearest of them, rolling himself to this side and that, because all this time he is on the ground with his shaved head in a napkin. 'O mighty sorrows and griefs for dear friends under the ground,' he shouts next. 'Which of you men was it stood in my way, and I going forward to fall into the hollow grave of her tomb ? Which of you held me back from being this minute with the best of women ? We two faithful souls might be together, now, crossing the river of the world.' And while the old men were gathering the tails of their coats in their arms to speak again, up he leaps to his legs and gallops into the hall like a madman, as if he was in a good mind to break the household in pieces over his own head. And now, in the middle of this, when I bring a strange woman to him, she being no other but you and he not knowing who you are, it will be one good jest leading straight to a better, and it will be the talk of the country from now on, and the matter of a good story everywhere."

The thoughtful Alcestis judged that Heracles had no power of penetration in his mind. But she held her peace, and let him do the best he could devise.

Admetus came forward stooping at the door. His face which had been lately burnt with sorrow and weeping was grey now like the ash in a cold hearth. The old men of the district were not yet dispersed to their homes, but stood in a line of battle about the door of the hall ready to recite mottoes concerning the uncertainty of life and the power of necessity. And because they were men of inferior degree, and were at all times apt for lifting up their important voices to announce the importance of their betters, the moment they spied the big man in the gate carrying a strange woman with him they turned again to the baron Admetus, and said with one tongue : "Behold, sir, the

able offspring of Alcmena is coming." But Admetus raised his arm before his eyes, because he was sick of friends.

The first thing Heracles did was to grip Admetus by the hand, and then he began without let or leave to make up words of excuse for his own turbulence, and for his sacrilege, and his haste to be about his own business. Then with no better speech, and with loud voice, he extolled the longanimity and piety of his friend, and to end the matter there he put the strange woman on her feet on the ground between them and pushed her towards her husband. Admetus did not raise his brows, and took no notice at all, for the reason that his watery eyes were turned in to the thought in his breast, and his ears were deaf. While doing that, Heracles said : it was a woman he won at a great fair where he chanced to be an hour since. There were prizes of all kinds, for the winners in the little contests, he said, and the winners in the big contests. " And I being there, at the latter end of the proceedings," said he, " it was a shame for me to be leaving the place without her, not won by anybody yet, and the sixty bullocks I was only in time to gain besides." And because he saw the men knew him lying, there being no exhibition of sport that day within a week's travel of the place, he had the simplicity to try and better himself, leading the old men through every blow, trip and deceit of some match he contrived in his imagination. " However, in the end it's all one ; and I wouldn't speak of it at all, only to tell you that it's no woman I stole, but one I gained fairly by exertion and judgment ; and some day it's me you'll be praising for it." And with these words not out of his mouth, he took the woman's hand as well and placed it in Admetus's hand, which all this while he held like the end of a rope. It never availed for anybody to try and escape the hero's grip, and so Admetus had to put up with the torment of holding the woman's hand in his, while both were in the fist of Heracles.

Then the high-minded Admetus found his voice and looked at the son of Alcmena, never stealing so much as a glance at the unknown woman, who was his wife if only he knew it.

" I spoke no word at the time saying that my wife was dead," said he ; " and indeed it wasn't because I put no value on you, or wanted to make out that you were no friend of mine. If you had gone off to the next house of a friend, as someone wouldn't miss telling me you did, it would have been one blow on the top

of the blows I am prostrated under already." And then he entreated the strong man not to load his ruined house with the keeping of so young a woman, he knowing it was a young woman with the tail of his eye as well as by the feel of her hand ; because there was no one to rule the servants in the place, or to see that nothing amiss was done to her. And so as not to pretend that he didn't know the full intent of Heracles, or seem to be holding his tongue for custom and civility, he muttered something as much as to say that he would not want to see a woman again in his house for so long as the little time he hoped to live. Then the courteous Admetus turned his head to the woman herself, and to her he said : " Whoever you are, woman, you've the exact height of her that has left me to-day, and you've the self-same way of holding yourself, and so you're only fit to put me in mind of her." And with this he loosed his hand, and would have fallen flat on the ground bewailing, only that the useful countrymen and neighbours caught and held up their chieftain, they having crept nearer and nearer to hear what it was that was passing between the great men.

" Indeed, I'm thinking myself maybe there need be no praise thrown away upon the luck you have," said they, believing they had him in their power again, for his arms were without life, and he was more than half senseless. " But whatever is God's will, be it good or bad, there it is."

While her husband was recovering himself, Alcestis was powerfully tempted to speak one little word, but the loud voice of the hero only was heard. " What would I not give," said he, " to be able to use the means of bringing your wife back to the upper surface of the ground to do a favour for you !

" I never doubted it would be in your mind to think the like," Admetus said ; and after considering it for a long time like one who is looking at a picture, said he again : " Such a thing never could be," and his eyes rolled into his shaven forehead.

" Then endure it," said Heracles.

" It is easier to say that," was the answer, " than for the man under the weight to be silent."

" If you purpose to be grieving for ever," the hero said, " you will lose the good road, man."

" Who knows it better than myself ? But a love I have only carries me the way I must go."

So Admetus spoke, and with this kind of talk they went on for a long while, with Alcestis growing more and more vexed that Heracles did not yet begin the gradual discovery of the real matter. She set her aim then, by means of moving her feet and hands, and swaying herself, nodding her head, and coughing quietly, to make herself little by little more like herself without showing her face, so that the recognition might fall on her husband's expectations first, before it fell on his senses. While at this work she heard him answer again, saying this time that the loss of his wife was his entire destruction, and he would rather die than desert her, though she was no more a living soul; and afterwards he said that he would be a widower all his days, because to take any woman again into his house would be only to double his sorrow, not halve it.

At last then, the son of Alcmena said there was mighty business awaiting him in Thrace, and that he knew nobody who would take care of the woman with more discretion than the man who stood there before him; and to end with it all, he asked Admetus to mind her for the sake of their friendship only. "And yourself shall lead her into the house, and no other," said he, and made him take his wife's hand again, not by entreaty, but by force. "Say now, isn't she a little bit like your wife, the same woman?" said he then, and because he couldn't any longer master the curiosity in him to see what the end of it all would be, off he flings the veil from the woman's head and destroys all the precautions and preparations devised by the prudent wife.

Admetus looked, and then he travelled back on his heels to the support of the door-post, his eyes standing out before his cheeks and his tongue trying to leap out of the cleft between his chattering jaws. And at the sight of his face, all the senses left the body of Alcestis, and she fell in a heap on the ground. So there were two of them who did not hear Heracles first relate how he wrestled with the porter of Death himself, and disabled him on the high road to Larisa; for both were carried within together by the servants with hardly sight or hearing in them.

Heracles gave his word to Admetus that they would meet on his return, and before night fell the men of Pherae brought in the cattle for the morrow's sacrifices, asking one another again and again what number of beasts was sufficient to reckon against a wife restored from the grave. "Thessaly has always been the great country for marvels and wonders," they said.

The little Eumelus ran to his mother, but she resting stretched on her couch placed her fingers to her lips with a smile and bade the nurse watch him, who took the child away into his room and dropped him out of his clothes into bed. As soon as the door was shut his eyes opened, and in a few moments he had crept on hands and knees into his sister's room where she lay in bed. He whispered : " Our dear mother has come back," and shook the girl's shoulder so as to make her listen and understand. " Io, moi ! " said he ; " what misfortunes we have seen this day, I and my father : a dear mother carried as a dead body out of the house. But now she's living again. Both you and I were too young, to be without a mother, and the god has answered our prayers and sent her back. How her eyelids dropped slowly over her eyes, and she trying to look at us ; and how her arms went down ! My own ears were deafened with the way I was shouting to her. And how her lips were dry and cold, and her teeth dry and polished ! Now we're again together, and we'll never be parted another time till she's an old woman. To-morrow our father orders a rejoicing, and there will be a feast in every house. Then there will be a sport where Heracles will take a hand, because we are prosperous again. But take care we don't let our cries of grief be for nothing, our father says. We must be three days giving up sacrifices. Are you listening to me, girl-sister ? "

No sound came from her pillow, because she was asleep ; and while he sat on the bed and looked downward to the floor he saw a dozen small clay dolls standing up in a row at the wall, and his lip curled.

For three days Alcestis stayed in her own hall alone, and every hour that passed she prayed to the gods of the lower world. Their many names and qualities were brought to her by women from an old bard of Thessaly who was born in Argos and had travelled in Egypt.

On the fourth evening she was understood by everybody to be purified, and she came out to take her children again, and talk with them, and see what mischief was caused by her not being there, but busy alone at libations and prayers. Women from every part came to see her, though the hour was late, and they sat in admiration at her ; and when the supper was ended and the servants sent to their houses, she went again to see her

children asleep, and then herself went to bed. She heard her husband come home from some business that kept him in the country all the day, and when a long time passed and he did not come to her bed she was stupefied, and did not close her eyes again till it dawned.

The sun was high already when she was stirring again, and Admetus was gone from the place. When she considered that he had departed without a word given or sent of why or where he had gone, she was angry with him at first, and then she asked herself what was the cause why he had so changed his ways. But afterwards she kept her mind on her own employment, and governed the hall and the farm and the labours of the servants as if there was nothing amiss, and no temptation at all came upon her to brood and think she was ill-used. She went to bed at a good hour, and then lay quiet so that she could think what had befallen Admetus, whether it was in his mind that she had gained some new power that made him afraid of her, or he thought she was thinking she owed more to the wandering hero than to him, if it was true he saved her life, and had given him something in return that was his while they were together by the wayside; or whether the god who had beguiled him with the knowledge of his misfortune was still loading his mind with thoughts of what was to come.

But Admetus was not far from her all the time she was thinking, having left his horse at the lattermost house of the town when the day was closed, and then crept in through the doors barefooted, bidding the porters hold no light and make no sound. Then he betook him to the house in the courtyard where he kept all the disused gear and unwanted plunder that served merely to remind him of olden days when he was a sea rover of the crew of Jason and kept his daily watch in the ship *Argo*. In the good days before the robber prince was abandoned the young men of the ship never thought of leaving one danger aside unless it was to pay their respects to another; and there was no country sloping towards this sea, eastward or westward, where the name of the ship *Argo* was not wondered at, and being named was not the cause of stories told of floating islands and witch daughters of kings, of sirens with white arms spread upward as a lyre, cannibals, and the wind that was stowed in great sacks on the poop against the delay of calm weather and broken oars. When he was

undressed he wrapped himself in an old mantle and laid himself down on a folded, tattered sail of linen, and with a truss of fresh straw for a pillow under his head he gave himself to thinking of long ago, and of the sea. But each time he was about to converse with his remembrance, another thought would come in to distract him from it, and he would see only the empty bed of his wife Alcestis, the same as when he himself was lately walking around and around it in amazement with his fists knotted against his cheeks and his tongue counting his steps by the score. So great was the confusion in the middle of him that he thought his wife had left him as many years ago as the time he left the sea.

Wherever he is now, she was thinking, he sits or lies alone, either asleep or waking. And if he is waking, it is either in darkness or with a lamp near him. It did not come into her mind that he would be reading to himself, because in times so long ago there was nothing at all for anyone to read, unless it was some marks or signs he made himself on a chip of a clay pot to remind him of a duty, or of some cattle or corn owing to him. She left her bed and put on a gown, and with a lamp lighted at the hearth in the women's house she went in search of him, rightly thinking he could only be in the place where he was often used to sit by himself amongst the store of old lanterns, skins, shields, bows and spears he kept from the voyages he made as a young man.

He was there indeed, and the worst she feared had come to pass, for his mind had left him and he was talking to himself in words without meaning.

She softly drew near the door and listened. "Woe is me," were the words she heard from the man within—"woe is me, not to have drained the full cup of memory when it was between my hands! That she might have stayed a little while longer in that place, only till the first hour of the night, and I might have been here alone still, gathering the great harvest of bitterness before the sun's setting that now I must spread over a season as long as till old age has emptied me of understanding. To say nothing at all of the little profit there is in the mighty vows I made and she going cold in my arms, that make me now seem a fool before all the world, it's the great secret I had inside me that is destroyed, that I was a fool to myself only, and that in my own way. What an ending of many things was beginning then! and a weight on my soul to be lightened grain by grain with the course of years.

What use is it now, to think I might find the skill of Orpheus in the byroads of my main grief, by crushing out the juice of sorrow in my soul? Ah, the great thought that was being born in me then, to charm the daughter of Demeter with an accustomed harp, to chain the great dog to his place with its sound, to win the aid of Charon the leader of souls, all with a powerful singing in my mouth so justly balanced with the terror of destruction in my breast. Now it is the mid-day of my life again, and what was to be is still to be. That will never come to me again, to be the faithful lover of a dead woman, who once only flew away from me into my own arms, and once only slept so that she was mine indeed, being nothing at last any more to herself. O all you places where she was no more to be! and all the silences having the same echo of her voice!"

This way moaned the son of Pheres, in the madness of his thought, while his wife listened beyond the door. "O unlucky haste," she said to herself; "to have torn the veil from my face before his wits were ready. I knew it would be." And with no more delay she pushed the door and advanced into the house, thinking next what method there was of restoring her man to his lost senses.

FOOTNOTE TO A BIOGRAPHY

By Vincent O'Sullivan

A CERTAIN number of letters have come to me in which I am asked to explain a citation from Mr. Bernard Shaw in my article on Frank Harris published in the last number of this magazine. Mr. Shaw has said that Wilde's life after he came out of prison was that of "an unproductive drunkard and swindler." My correspondents mostly want to know when and in what manner Wilde was a swindler.

In the case of Wilde both epithets are too strong for the facts they pertain to.

"Swindler" refers to the sale of the scenario of a play to two or three different people. Certainly this is not a very elegant performance in any case, and done by a man with easy means of livelihood it would be extremely reprehensible. Wilde had the excuse that he was at the time badly in need of money and had not much prospect of getting any in the near future. And then, as soon as we enter the artistic world the atmosphere is no longer the same as in the counting-house and merchant's office. Especially do money matters and essential rights in financial transactions become blurred. One may regret that it should be so, but often it is.

Mme. Marie Louise Pailleron in her book on her grandfather,* François Buloz, the founder and first editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, tells us that Balzac, the great Balzac, was paid by Buloz for a novel of which Buloz never saw more than the title. To aggravate matters, Balzac, once the novel finished, sold it again to a rival magazine. Sainte-Beuve says that George Sand was not straight in money transactions. Her skirmishes with Buloz and others are well known, and according to Sainte-Beuve, it was she who was in the wrong. But he does not call her a swindler. Nor was she. Outside that strange world of writing and publishing and theatre, she managed her affairs in a way that no one was ever heard to complain of.

It is to be noted that neither Sand nor Balzac, no more than

* *François Buloz et ses amis.* (Paris: Calmann-Lévy).

Oscar Wilde, was avaricious. When they had plenty of money anybody could share it. Balzac and Wilde were lavish; if George Sand was not to the same extent, it was because she had two children depending on her. But she said: "The only pleasure that comes from making money is the spending" of it.

As for the epithet "drunkard," I never heard anybody in Paris who knew, or ever saw Oscar Wilde, speak of him as an *ivrogne*, as Verlaine, for instance, was spoken of, and a few others. Wilde's very appearance, always so spruce and clean, so well turned out, went against any such charge. If André Gide, who has written many odious and disparaging things about his ex-friend, had believed that Wilde could be described as a drunkard, he would surely have written that too. Personally, I never saw Wilde in the least affected by what he drank. I have seen his biographer, Frank Harris, drink far more at a sitting than I ever saw Wilde drink, but I am bound to add that I never saw him much affected by what he drank either. They were giants in those days! Your teetotal and temperance crank, man or woman, is too prone to conclude that any use of wines or spirits makes a drunkard. But Bismarck, for example, drank habitually a great deal of wine, yet even the most intolerant, the narrowest of teetotal cranks would hesitate, I hope, to call Bismarck a drunkard.

As I said in my previous article, it was Harris' biography of Wilde which provoked Mr. Shaw's characterization. I may as well here, while I am about it, notice one or two other points of this book which call for some comment.

From Harris' account, we must infer that he gave Wilde large sums of money. I do not know anything precise about this, I do not even know anything by rumour, but I am full willing to believe that Harris was generous. Still, if Wilde had received the large sums from him, or through him, which Harris leads us to think he did, it is hard to see why he continued in the little hotel on the left bank, where he was very unhappy, and why he always took his meals, unless somebody invited him elsewhere, in cheap restaurants where the food more or less poisoned him, and on one occasion caused him a serious illness. Harris had an immense power of self-imposture. After a few years had gone by he could persuade himself that events had

happened as he wished they had happened. Let us take the only one of his statements about money on which I am able to speak at first hand. Harris implies that it was he who found the funds to cover Wilde's expenses on his journey to Naples in the autumn of the year he came out of prison. Now, as I have explained in my book,* it happened to be myself who gave Wilde the money he wanted for this journey. Of course it may be contended that Wilde got his expenses from us both. But it is most improbable. Harris was not in Paris during the time that Wilde tarried there on his way to Naples.

Among the astonishing features of Harris' book, one is his complete neglect of Lily Langtry as a factor in the life of Oscar Wilde. He goes all round the subject in his description of the lilies and sunflowers period of Wilde's career which he knew well, for he was a contemporary of Wilde. He quotes satiric verses from *Punch* and other publications, describes Du Maurier's drawings, cites W. S. Gilbert's *Patience* and Whistler's acrid wit. But the moving figure in all this, Oscar's "Jersey lily," he passes by, only mentioning her slightly among a group of other women that Wilde knew.

And yet he must have heard Wilde talk of her and abundantly, unless for some unfathomable reason Wilde saw fit to keep her out of his conversation with Harris. I have said in my book how often he spoke of her to me, and always with affection and admiration. If her demeanour after his fall had come to his ears it did not alter his feelings a jot. He never, so far as I know, criticized her, even good-naturedly, never let his wit play upon her, never alluded to the disparaging stories others repeated about her. And yet it is hard to see what possible interests they could have had in common beyond a liking for good wine and good food. During Wilde's American tour in the eighties she was there too, and one played off the other, Wilde, who was a first-class showman, rendering her far more service than she did him. Besides, he cared more for her than she for him. If one may rely on her book of memoirs, she cared for him very little. The ridicule which attached to him for some years, reflected in middle-class organs such as *Punch*, seems to have always rather influenced her. Its value as an instrument of publicity she was

* *Aspects of Wilde.* (London: Constable and Co.)

not the woman to perceive. The kind of men she liked hated Wilde and pretended to despise him, or did really, in some cases, despise him.

In the brief number of years when this ridicule and contempt ceased and was replaced by something else, in the years of Wilde's great fame, he and Mrs. Langtry do not seem to have been often together. The name of Lily Langtry seldom recalled now that of Oscar Wilde, still less his name her.

It is strange that with all his devotion, which never wavered, he did not offer her a part in one of his plays. Perhaps he did and she refused it, however unlikely that appears. Or perhaps his artistic sense was too strong for Wilde and he cared too much for his play to jeopardize it by giving a leading part to a woman who was always a very poor actress. He gave the part of *Mrs. Erlynne* in "Lady Windermere's Fan" to Marion Terry, who was a good actress, the best I have ever seen on the English stage. And yet I have often thought that some, at any rate, of the elements of the character were suggested to Wilde by Mrs. Langtry. It is no doubt the best character in his repertory—profound, human, far better than the *Mrs. Arbuthnot* of "A Woman of no Importance." But this second character has been spoiled for me by the actress I saw play it, who appeared as a matron with an aggrieved voice and a black velvet dress, the conventional garb for the "wronged" woman since the days of Mrs. Siddons. To judge by Mrs. Langtry's performances that I saw, she was incapable of doing anything satisfactory with either of these parts. *Mrs. Erlynne* was beyond her altogether. And the part of *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, easier to play because of its somewhat melodramatic tone, has yet enough in it for an actress with art and talent to make it seem natural and convincing. Mrs. Langtry could only make it stagy. One of her successful parts was considered to be *Kate Hardcastle* in "She Stoops to Conquer," because in this part her admirable physical qualities could be brought into play with great advantage. In the two Wilde characters, both tragic, these qualities would have counted little.

It has been said that she was in some respects rather obtuse. This may only mean that she was not brilliant, and it is true that no witticism or racy comment of hers has ever been reported. Certain actors in the companies she formed complained of the

difficulty of getting her to see at rehearsals the importance of details that any little trained actress would see at once. When she went about talking against Wilde at the time of his misfortune, even his worst enemies made no use of her aid. Nor did his friends and well-wishers much resent her hostility; they did not consider it of any consequence.

She had her beauty to cover her drawbacks, such as they were, a beauty which lasted her well on in life, and she still bore traces of it in her final years. It should be said that in her book she tries to make amends to Wilde. Unfortunately, what she writes, and especially the tone of it, does not convince us that she had come at last to understand him or to rate him at anything like his real value. We have the impression that somebody at her elbow was prompting her that if she wanted to be remembered in another generation her best plan was to attach herself to the memory of Oscar Wilde. Even so, she speaks more warmly and sincerely of some cooks and restaurant managers she knew than of Wilde.

There was a woman in Paris at the same time rather in the same position as Mrs. Langtry, though she did not go on the stage. Mary Laurent's fortune appears to have been on a more solid basis than Mrs. Langtry's. It was certainly not Mallarmé who provided this solid basis, but if Mary Laurent's name is still pronounced to-day it is because she was a friend of Mallarmé. When Villiers de l'Isle-Adam was sent to the clinic of St. Jean-de-Dieu, Mallarmé spoke to her about it, and she sent money and fruit and flowers and what other comforts she thought the unhappy Villiers might need. Not content with that, she went sometimes to see him, and continued her attentions till the end.

It is not easy to imagine Mrs. Langtry doing all that for any friend of Wilde's at his request. But here perhaps I wrong her, and that I would not do. Her face was not without good-nature, good-humour too, even if these were not its dominant expression, and perhaps for a kind of man more to her taste than an artist, or if the request came, not from an obscure poet like Mallarmé, but from some man of high social position, she would have shown as much kindness and consideration as Mary Laurent. That denotes, you will say, a certain vulgarity of mind. But I do not pretend that she had not a certain vulgarity of mind.

This, indeed, may have added to her attraction for some people. Her volume of memoirs is very interesting on many accounts, amusing too, yet there is no denying that it is rather a vulgar book. But Wilde himself, in some of his manifestations, displayed a certain vulgarity of mind not unlike Lily Langtry's.

I am sorry now that I never asked Harris about her. I should have learned why he suppressed a woman who occupied a large place in the life of Oscar Wilde, at least in the early part of it, and was never forgotten. I have thought that the reason may possibly be found in the title of Harris' book: "The Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde." Harris was out to present Wilde as an intact model of the vicious life, a paragon of the abnormal, and he may have thought that the effect of his picture would be lessened were he to introduce such a simple and mediocre episode as the devotion of a young man to a handsome young woman.

MISS HOLLAND

By Mary Lavin

THE cat decided Miss Holland. The minute she saw him she decided to stay after all. The house looked comfortable and the landlady was a good-natured looking woman. Miss Holland was not used to interviewing landladies and she did not know what questions to ask in order to ascertain whether the particular guest-house would suit her requirements. Mrs. Lewis had told her the price of the room, the size of the room, the number of meals that were served, and the fact that the bed had a hair mattress. These facts did not interest Miss Holland who had never before heard what a mattress was stuffed with and who really did not mind the price if it was at all reasonable. She said this to herself over and over again, but she did not like to say it out loud. There were a great number of things she did not say out loud, firstly, because she was tongue-tied from a kind of stiff, dried-up shyness, and secondly, because she really did not form them into words even in her own mind. They were just vague wishing and wondering and had no coherence at all. She would like to have had something happen that would give her an immediate reaction of feeling so that she need not say—I will stay because there are hair mattresses but just—I will stay because I feel at home. There is something attractive. I don't know what it is. I don't care what it is—That was the vague indefinite feeling that had made her so attached to the old home. Often in the evening, she had come up the avenue and opened the white hall door and stepped into the cool green hall and drew a long breath and felt that she belonged where she stood. She always walked quickly along the hall and carefully avoided looking at the sporting prints on the wall, and avoided looking directly at the terra cotta carpet on the stairs. She did not want to notice these lovely familiar things in particular in case she might suddenly be tied to a truth which would make her admit—I love this house, because I love the pale green colour of the sporting prints, or, I love this house because I carved my name on the back of the bannisters. She always wanted to avoid knowing why she did things, because it was so much nicer not to know. It was more mysterious and more lasting. It made for permanence. If I had married, Miss Holland told herself, I would never try to

find out what I liked best about my husband. This would preserve our love. It would last for ever, a wonderful intangible mystery, binding us together for all time. If he had a dignified manner I would never say—I like his manner and then I could bear to see him eat a boiled egg in the shell and see the yolk roll down the shell, and perhaps I could even bear to see a little trickle of yolk roll down his chin by accident. It would make him undignified for the moment, but I would not have married him for his dignity. I would have married him for a wonderful, wonderful reason that even I myself could not put into words and then if his hair got thin and he got irritable in the evening, and if he told the same joke twice, it would not matter at all, and we would love each other all the time.

“Perhaps you’d like time to think it over, Miss Holland,” said Mrs. Lewis, who thought that Miss Holland had been thinking over the price ever since she stopped speaking. She had the withdrawn look women have when they are trying to balance a budget mentally without a pencil on a bit of an old envelope or the back of a bill.

“I think that I will talk it over with a friend” said Miss Holland with a grateful smile. It was very difficult. If she could only have a vague feeling about the house, she would have decided there and then to stay. It was such a pretty house, in such a pleasant locality, Chester Gardens. The house was light and airy and it was painted yellow outside. They were outside now at the door, and Miss Holland was saying goodbye again, when the cat came running across a flower bed, pushing his way through the heavy pink antirrhinums and rushing up the steps to rub himself ingratiatingly against Agnes Holland’s neat patent shoes.

All at once Miss Holland got a feeling of comfort and familiarity and reality. There was something real and alive about 12 Chester Gardens. Suddenly her interview with Mrs. Lewis ceased to be an impersonal event. There was a personal element in the whole thing. She was standing on the whitewashed steps and the walls were yellow like the walls of little cottages in Touraine. The antirrhinums were heavy and pink and warm with the sun. The whole day was heavy and warm and pink. It was June and June was a pale pink month. That is silly, of course, said Miss Holland. A month couldn’t be pink unless it’s the roses I’m thinking about. It must be the roses, she decided

and she turned back to Mrs. Lewis, who was wishing she'd go if she was going, but who put on an expression of wishing she'd stay if she was staying. When Miss Holland looked at Mrs. Lewis again the landlady's face seemed strangely familiar. She was someone Miss Holland knew, and if she met her next week in the street, she would not be just another face, she would be a person—someone with whom Miss Holland was acquainted. And after all, it was very nice to go to live in a house where you already knew the landlady. She felt warmed and cheered and inexplicably pleased and content and she stroked the cat and looked up at the sky and said she wouldn't bother to consult a friend; she would make up her mind right now and stay and when could she send her baggage? She could send her baggage any time. The room was vacant. She could come in this evening if she wished.

Miss Holland came that evening. She came in a taxi and the taximan carried in her three large trunks, one by one. He treated them very carefully because they were plastered with labels from foreign parts, he noticed to himself, and these people who had been in foreign parts always knew how to tip well. But Miss Holland did not know anything about tipping. In her father's lifetime, she had been to the spas of Europe, and he had always paid the bills and given the tips. She had always stood aside and averted her head a little, and when the financial negotiations were over, she had smiled at the waiters or the taximen or the porters, and had said thank you if they understood English. So that now she was very embarrassed and she asked the fare in a ridiculously conversational tone of voice, and handed the man the next nearest even sum to the uneven sum of the fare. What would she have done, she wondered, if the fare had worked out even? She really did not know. Give him sixpence, she supposed. Give him sixpence, of course, she thought, as she walked up the nice white stairs with Mrs. Lewis and listened to the soft blur of her voice without hearing what she was saying. When they came to the head of the stairs, they went into a large room, and Mrs. Lewis said the trunks would be sent up and she hoped that the room would be comfortable and that supper was at seven and that it would be cold meat to-night, but hot meat every other night. And she went towards the door and switched the light once or twice to show the general efficiency of the house and went out closing the door softly and deftly, a difficult art.

Agnes Holland looked around the room. It was large and bright. The wallpaper was an inoffensive cream colour, and the furniture was polished till it gleamed and the window square was repeated in its own blue reflection on every door of every cupboard, wardrobe and cabinet. The bed had an iron head-rail, and the counterpane had been laundered until the big fat tassels, that had once dangled free, were flattened into a matted fringe of utter desolation. The room was not ugly, but the mantelpiece was hideous. It was iron painted white, and it had acquired a coating of dust before the paint had dried which no amount of subsequent washing would erase. Miss Holland saw the ugliness of the mantelpiece almost immediately. It shouted out at her, like an ugly word shouted in the street by a maniac startles the inattentive passerby—Oh it is ugly!—she cried, and then she looked away. I must not look at it. I must not admit that it is ugly. I must look at the lovely wide window—and she ran over to it. The garden was very beautifully kept, for a city garden. There was no economic effort in the way of cabbage and potatoes, such as is made by so many suburban householders. It was frankly a pleasure garden and it gave Miss Holland great pleasure to look out. To-morrow when I have put my china plates on the mantelpiece and have put flowers in a vase on a side table and have put a soft shade upon the lamp, I will think the mantelpiece is not ugly at all. I shall get used to it, and by getting used to it, I will come to tolerate it and after that I shall come to associate it with happy moments, reading beside the fire, dressing, or brushing my hair—She went over to it. The pattern was about to leap at her with a yell of ugliness, when she put her finger on a little raised rosebud that was part of the large design—I shall think of this little bud, she said, I shall think that it is a real little pink bud that has been painted over and imprisoned for ever—She laughed at her own silliness and decided that it was easy to be clever about hideous things. It was really easy to disguise their ugliness. You got to know them and they had an association for you and then they were no longer ugly—Isn't that right, little rosebud?—She started taking the pins out of her hair to take it down and comb it out before supper.

Supper was an ordeal that she dreaded. She was very nervous of walking into the public diningroom of a boarding house and facing a crowd of strangers. She went downstairs

feeling the same way that she felt as a child on her first day at school. She wanted them to like her, she did not want them to be leagued together, with the inevitable bond that unites people who already know each other, against a stranger. She looked into the hall mirror and wondered how she would look to people who did not know her. She put her hand on the door, turned it quickly and went into the diningroom.

There were five people at table and they had the self-conscious look of people who share a joke at the expense of the newcomer. But Miss Holland did not mind. She understood completely. She longed to tell them so. She would like to say simply—I know you were just speculating about me, but I don't mind. I quite understand. It's like school, isn't it? On the first day. For me, I mean.—But, of course she could not say it, she knew that. And anyway she was not so sure it was like school now that she looked around her. In school she had the same kind of tailored dress as everybody else, the same kind of handmade shoes and gloves. She had her hair cut the same way and she spoke exactly the same way. She *was* the same as the strange children who stared at her in school on her first day, and even then, young as she was, she knew that this fact would make her one of them in a few hours. But there was very little bond between herself and the people at this table. They didn't dress like her, they didn't speak like her, they didn't even hold their cups like her, she thought with a start. And she began to fold another slice of bread in two, but it was too thick and broke and she had to take up her knife and carve into it as if it were roast beef, she thought, laughing to herself. There is a terrible difference. They are keeping right on talking to each other, they are not even trying to be polite to me, to include me, to make me one of them. And a swell of feeling surged up into her throat, she could not finish her slice of bread and she looked at each of these people, two good-looking young men and three indifferent young women. The men were medical students and they had full healthy bodies, but Miss Holland could not define what the difference was between them and the men she had met at home, her cousins and the Maylards. They wear very good clothes, she noticed, and they speak about the same, but there is something. She could not say what. It's hard to tell with men anyway. With women though? She tried not to stare at the three young women.—Much younger

than me, of course.—They weren't looking anyway. She could stare as much as she liked. The red jumper was machine made. The green dress was dressmaker made, and the quiet one with the glasses keeps her handkerchief tucked up her sleeve. But these little things cannot matter. They couldn't possibly matter. I shall like them even though their taste is different. After all, perhaps, it is I who am wrong. There is no way of deciding definitely after all. I have much less money and my clothes are older. Freshness and newness, that's what they represent, the red jumpers and the white collars. And that's something to be praised. I'd like to praise them. To-morrow, perhaps, or the next day I'll know them. When I come into the dining-room I'll say to the tall one with the glasses. "Your cold is better to-day, I hope?" I'll know them and they'll know me, and it won't be strange and lonely. I shall belong here for a time and when I look back, years from now, in my mind I shall always have to come into this room to find a certain part of me. Like going back in mind to the corner of the quadrangle to find the part of me that grew courageous the day I killed the robin who was dying. She looked up suddenly and hoped no one saw her shudder. They were staring at her in between their talk about the Rugby trials.

"Will you excuse me, please?"

Her voice sounded silly and shy. She went out with difficulty. The door knob fell off when she put her hand on it. No one helped her to pick it up, but they all laughed.

"That will happen every day, you may as well get used to it," said the blonde student. And Miss Holland smiled in gratitude. Contact was made. To-morrow she would not be a stranger. She would be accepted. They would say "Will you ever forget last night when the handle fell off the door!" and a warm rush of feeling surged up in her again, and she felt that her life with her father was long ago, and that it had been decayed and faded and out-moded before it died. This new life was warm and the people were real and human and it didn't matter if they cut their bread and reached for the salt instead of waiting for it to be passed. These things were the superficial things of life. These young women who could discuss the cases of the young medicals were more alive than she had ever been. They were nearer to the pulse of life than she had ever been. They were fascinating.

She went into her room, still thinking of the young women she had left. They were invested with wonderful qualities in her mind. Primary colours, forceful and alarming, but infinitely attractive, and beside her thoughts of them, her memories of her old home and her old friends faded into pastel insignificance. She sat on her bed and looked round the room. They don't notice the ugliness of their rooms. They ignore small points of difference between tailor-made and ready-made clothes. They transcend these things. They speak of life with courage and vigour. She remembered fragments of the conversation. She was even more impressed by them in retrospection than she was at supper. There had been a headlong continuous discussion of different topics that ran into each other so smoothly that there were no divisions between topic and topic, no division between the injustice of the Rugby trials, the necessity of the early closing hour, the small cost of feeding large numbers of people, the cruelty of allowing medical students on maternity cases, the falling British birth-rate, and the endless scraps of subjects that she hadn't been able to follow at all.

A sharp arrow of apprehension ran through her. Supposing I cannot follow them to-morrow, or the next day, or ever. Supposing I am not able to discuss these things with them. They will think me a fool, a member of the older generation they condemn. I shall be to them, what they have made my memories seem to me, old-fashioned. Oh, if they think I'm old-fashioned! And she ran to the glass to get assurance although she did not mean her appearance but her personality.

That was the beginning of a gradual paralysis of personality that fell on Agnes Holland. For two weeks she went three times a day to the diningroom of the boarding house. She became acquainted with all the other guests. She said boarders when she spoke to them by a natural adaptability that made her realise the limitations of her gentility. She admired Miss Margaret Moran's collar and gave Miss Betty Stone a remedy for her cold. Still she did not feel accepted. She did not feel one of these people. She had no confidence in herself. All day she wrote letters and walked in the park and occasionally she visited friends, but her main interest was concentrated on a desperate effort to reach out and clutch the strings of reality that she felt to be within her reach for the first time in her life. And yet she could not

catch them—If only I could say something that would attract their attention, draw their interest towards me—She felt aggrieved that her education on the continent and her travels with her father, at home and abroad, had left her no training or experience for discussion with real people. I can't talk to them. I know nothing about the things that interest them. I can only talk about books and about pictures and about music. I cannot talk about the real problems of life. I am forty-four and I don't know the attitude of the Church on divorce. I don't know what constitutes a living wage. What is the right tip to give a porter? I don't know anything. She watched and listened at meals and agreed with all that she understood by little vigorous nods of her head. When politics were the subject of discussion at lunch she would spend the afternoon reading the papers and even go to the British Museum and look up politics in the "Encyclopaedia Britannica." Then, she felt sure that she would be able to make some very intelligent remarks that night at supper. All through supper she would sit in a tight, straight rigidity of nervousness, indifferent to the food, waiting for an opportunity to enter the conversation in a striking way. Those opportunities never came. They would talk about something entirely different: the suicide of a government official who had embezzled funds or the price of bicycles for hire in Jersey. On occasions like this she felt out of everything, alone, useless. She clung tightly to her little piece of potential conversation in case a chance would come to use it at the very last minute. Later she said it to herself, in the dark, in bed, with great success and everyone was impressed and said that a mature mind always saw a quick solution of such problems. Experience imposed a correct perspective, they said, and asked her if she would come and meet some of their friends sometime and she had smiled and they had smiled and there was a soft thud of silence in her mind and she was asleep with a smile still on her face.

Things went on like that. Miss Holland became more and more discouraged. She seemed to be getting further away from making a contact with these young people. It was an obsession, and the more she sought for suitable topics of conversation, the more unsuitable were the topics that flooded into her mind. Silly whimsical ideas, fragile fantastic and ludicrous comparisons came tumbling into her mind as she walked in the park or sat

by her window. In particular the big black cat belonging to the house came into her thoughts till she felt that she simply *must* tell some one about him. He was wonderful. It was he who first decided her to come to Chester Gardens. But you could not tell that to anyone, it sounded so silly. All morning, when the others were gone out to work, she sat at her window writing letters and sticking stamps in her stamp album, and watching the cat playing in the garden. He was a big fellow, but he still played like a kitten, jumping over the flowers or running along the high wall that was just under her window. He fascinated her. She watched him, so strikingly in the purity of his blackness, big, but deft, as he ran through the flowers. Sometimes when she called out of the window he would stare up at her. His eyes would light up. His eyes changed colours like the traffic lights. She smiled at the comparison, smiled and laughed outright and he leaped, ran along the wall until he came directly under the window. There he sat in the sunlight, soft and strong. He did not look black now, but a lovely prune colour and there was a shining line of silver sunlight etching his silhouette against the blue sky. This was the light on his shining fur. When he moved the silver line glinted and glistened and his whiskers were strands of stiff silver wire. He was so attractive, so fascinating, and Miss Holland was so pleased to find descriptive words for his charming qualities that she made a point of memorising her mental picture of him in definite words. She liked her choice of words and she wondered what her fellow-guests would think of them. Surely, surely, *surely* they would think them charming, evocative, and poetic. Even though they did not read poetry, they would think her ideas about the big black tom cat very pretty and original. She resolved to try them and she ran back over her sentences, chopping them up, changing them a little and altering their sequence. Still she could never quite imagine herself saying them out loud in public. She knew that if she got into the middle of the idea she would be all right, but she felt that they would never listen beyond the initial sentence unless it was very striking. They all had a knack of beginning their own conversations with such startling phrases. To-day, Mr. Harvey had said "Blood makes you girls sick, only for that I'd tell you a good yarn." Of course, the girls were excited and interested immediately and they listened to a long story that Miss Holland

thought very dull indeed. The girls roared laughing and she had to allow their laughter to fall into her mind and make mechanical echoes before she could laugh herself. But she did laugh then. She laughed and laughed and felt that she was nearer to them at that moment than she had ever been before. If I could strike while the iron is hot, she thought. If I, to-night, at dinner, could begin suddenly, with a startling phrase, I would tell them all about the cat.

She looked down at him. He was washing himself. The silver line was gone. He had imperceptibly shifted his position and the sunlight no longer glinted on his fur, but he was still lovely. His head was curved back in the same smooth arc of soft black flesh that delights the eye when a foal turns his head round to look backwards without moving the rest of his body—Oh, you are lovely, Pussy, lovely, lovely! How shall I begin to tell them about you? I shall say—"I was looking at the cat to-day." No, that was not a good beginning. "Speaking about cats." That would be a safe opening, but, unfortunately, they never did speak about cats. "Pussy, do something startling, so that I can tell my friends about you," she whispered down to the cat, and suddenly, as if he had heard her, he jumped down from the wall, stretched himself, walked a few paces down the garden path and then, with a superb suggestion of unpremeditated action, to the astonishment of Miss Holland, he opened his mouth and snapped off the head of a heavy red carnation. He jumped on to the wall again and ran along it with the red carnation in his mouth. Like a Spanish dancer. Miss Holland clapped her hands—"Like a Spanish dancer." That would be a lovely beginning for her story. She would lean casually on the table after supper and say "The cat was like a Spanish dancer to-day." Everyone would ask her why and she would have their attention. Then she could tell them all about the shimmering silver line of sunlight on his fur, all about his agate eyes and perhaps she could tell them all about her little private trick of finding a name for the nice things which she wanted to remember for ever and her efforts to avoid finding a name for the ugly things she wished to forget. She would tell them all these little things and they would see that she was not stupid and dried up: they would see that she was worth getting to know and that her company was worth cultivating. Afterwards, perhaps, they

would come into her room and they would talk to her about their lives and she would learn facts about the world, about poverty and struggle, about courage in the face of adversity, and other things that she had never known. Perhaps she would be able to help them to get more enjoyment out of the small details of life that seemed to make such little impression on them. She would help them to see the funniness of the landlady's efforts to make them eat parsnips whether they liked it or not. She'd make them read. She'd even make them read poetry. And some day they would say to her—"Only for you"

But it was time to go to supper. She ran to her wardrobe and pulled out her best dress. Her cheeks were redder than usual. Her hair would not lie flat. She felt excited but not flustered. She felt more coherent, more articulate, than she had felt for years.—This is how a great actress feels on a first night before the curtain goes up. But this is more important than a play on a stage. This is reality.—She ran downstairs.

They were all seated before her. They looked warm and kind and homely. The girls had the same clothes on to-day that they had every day. The brown tweed suit on Mr. Harvey was warm looking, homely, and he said "Fried fish. What do you bet?" before he pulled the cover dish off the big blue dish on the sideboard. It was so natural. It was the way nine-tenths of the people of the world lived, not dreaming at night, joking with each other, discussing big political problems. Her life at home before her father died seemed sad and grey. She used to wear a trailing chiffon dress, quite old, but definitely formal still despite its age. Her father liked her to dress. They ate together in the diningroom and the food was also good. The maid laid the dishes in front of one and withdrew then, and she did not eat the things she did not like. Here she had to eat everything. Here she had to behave like everyone else. Here you had to reach for your bread and refer to the butter as margarine as a joke, and call the roly-poly "Spotted dog," and laugh when Mr. Harvey said "More swill for you, Miss Holland," as he ladled out the soup.

She was part of the wheel of the world that was rolling around, now in the mud, now up in the blue air. She was glad. She was happier than ever before. I am happier than ever before, she said, putting it into a coherent sentence in her mind—I am

happier than ever before. And now I will tell my story. Miss Stone is finishing her account of the Ladies' Hockey Match.

"The crowd was simply terrible coming out of the gate, but I got here alright."

"Trust you to make a way for yourself, Cissie."

"You're not so bad at it yourself, Ed."

They all laughed heartily at this, and again Miss Holland felt a little disconcerted, but she watched for an opening, a little black hole of silence in the conversation into which she would shoot the silver arrow of her contribution to this gay family meal.

The black and white checked pattern of the talk grew less regular. The black squares of silence were getting larger between the white lines of repartee. Suddenly there was a large square of black. Miss Holland almost rose from her seat in her excitement:

"A funny thing happened to-day."

"Well, I'm a hell of a fool!"

Miss Holland looked around startled at the duet that cut the silence. Mr. Moriarty's pale eyes looked into hers with disconcerted surprise. They had both spoken together. Their words had clashed in the air. They both drew back. The table waited. There was a moment of suspense. Which of them would begin again? The heads turned expectantly towards Miss Holland who felt confused. Mr. Moriarty said "Excuse me, you were going to say something." She felt flustered.

"Oh, nothing at all. It can wait."

And Mr. Moriarty, who was used to walking out of doors in front of women, walked out this conversational door that Miss Holland held open for him.

"Well, I was going to tell you all something you'll be damn glad to hear. I don't know how I forgot to tell you this morning. Wait till you hear it; I'll be given a leather medal. Last night that damn tom cat was crying in the yard and I got out my old shot gun I have since I was a kid, and I threw up the window and aimed at him. I could just barely see him, but I had a good aim and he got a pellet in the backside and he went off over the wall yelping and yowling, and that was the end of the cats' concert."

There was a roar of laughter and it rose up in waves of red around Miss Holland. She sat still and felt the ugly red colour, that the sound suggested, flood over her. And then, gradually,

the laughing ceased and the waves sank back in her brain, fading out to orange, yellow and finally an ugly putty brown. Against this background she saw five faces, five distorted faces. She felt that they were the faces of people who did not exist, people in a nightmare, from whom she must get away immediately and for ever and ever. She half rose to go. Wait a minute. There was something she must do. She looked from one face to another. She felt she had a duty to fulfil towards herself. For a moment it was not clear, then her ideas became clarified.

Miss Holland spoke to herself, silently, in her own mind as clearly and coherently as if she were speaking out loud to another person—I must define their ugliness, their commonness, their bad taste. I must find a name for the things about them which irritate me and disgust me. I can no longer delude myself. Only by recognising the things which I object to in these people and giving them a name, can I ever protect myself from coming into contact with them again.

Mr. Harvey has a dark grey stain of grease on the leg of his trousers.

Mr. Moriarty has false teeth, and when he takes them out at night, he sometimes forgets them and leaves them in a jam jar in the bathroom. They grin at you.

Betty Stone has a stain of perspiration, a crescent of frog's belly green, on her bottle green dress.

Margaret Moran has a bit of red bleeding flesh like an inflamed pimple, between her two front teeth.

The little girl with glasses has a wart on the palm of her hand, and when you shake hands with her, you do not feel that you are shaking hands with a woman, you feel you are shaking hands with a wart. You are conscious of nothing else for the moment of contact.

For a long time I tried not to notice these things. I tried to submerge them in my good opinions of these people, but now they are laid bare. Now they shall live for ever in my mind. By these things I will know these people, and by like things I will know like people. Henceforth I will go consciously in the way that I have hitherto gone because my people before me went that way. She went out of the diningroom. The door knob clattered to the floor. No one noticed her going. No one picked up the knob.

PROUST AND BERGSON

By Sibyl de Souza

IN considering the influences which contributed to the formation of Proust's notion of reality, the name of Bergson immediately comes to one's mind. Yet we must remember that, in the interview with the correspondent of *Le Temps* in 1913, Proust refused to make use of the epithet "bergsonien" to qualify his conception of the novel.¹ In spite of this, it is possible to speak of Bergson's influence on Proust, if by that is implied the fact that the latter was acquainted with the philosopher's ideas and that his art occasionally finds in them the source of its inspiration. But the points of divergence between the two writers are so great that they furnish interesting evidence as to the manner in which Proust's mind worked.

Bergson's philosophy has been closely linked with the Symbolist movement. It is impossible to deny that at the outset of his career, Proust owed a great deal to this movement; his art is indeed based on secret "correspondences" between the world of sense and the spiritual universe. And it is quite probable that this—his primary conception of his art—was derived from the Symbolists. Bergson was to reveal to him the means of finding spiritual reality in the depths of the unconscious mind.

In his "Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience," Bergson starts with "le moi" as the immediate data of consciousness; and he contrasts with the "real" individual, his social counterpart. "Nous vivons pour le monde extérieur plutôt que pour nous; nous parlons plutôt que nous ne pensons; nous sommes agis plutôt que nous n'agissons nous-mêmes."² Much of the comic element in Proust's work depends on this distinction between the two personalities which each individual contains within himself. One has only to think of his descriptions of soirées at Mme. de Sainte-Euverte's or at Mme. Vinteuil's. But Bergson thinks that, through a work of art, the individual can come into contact with true reality. "Entre la nature et nous—que dis-je?—entre nous et notre propre conscience, un voile s'interpose—voile épais pour le commun des hommes, voile léger, presque transparent pour l'artiste, le poète." According to

¹ See *Le Temps*, 12th November, 1915; also "Souvenirs sur Marcel Proust," by Robert Dreyfus. Grasset, 1926, pp. 156, 157.

² *Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience*, p. 178.

Proust, if reality appears insignificant and dull, it is because we are living with only half of ourselves—"avec notre être réduit au minimum." . . . "Agir librement, c'est reprendre possession de nous-mêmes, nous replacer dans la pure durée."¹

It would seem then as though Proust were only expressing through his art the ideas of Bergson when he makes use of involuntary memory in order to get into contact with his real personality. But in the interview to which we referred at the beginning of this article, Proust rejected this assumption on the grounds that Bergson did not make any distinction between voluntary and involuntary memory.

. . . "Mon livre serait peut-être un essai d'une suite de romans de l'Inconscient—je n'aurais aucune honte à dire 'romans bergsoniens' si je le croyais . . . Mais ce ne serait pas exact, car mon oeuvre est dominée par la distinction entre le mémoire involontaire et la mémoire volontaire, distinction qui non seulement ne figure pas dans la philosophie de M. Bergson, mais est même contredite par elle."

From the beginning, critics have questioned Proust's statement that "la distinction entre la mémoire involontaire et la mémoire volontaire" does not appear in Bergson's philosophy. It would be nearer the mark to say that in the latter's opinion involuntary memory plays little or no part in the practical life of the individual—indeed it may prevent him from giving his undivided attention to the needs and demands of daily life, encourage him to spend time day-dreaming. But the artist and the poet are excepted from this law: they attain freedom through their art. Hence, a philosophy which takes into consideration this creative element in life, this interpenetration of past and present, leads us to the very heart of reality.

How can we then conclude that Proust is not in sympathy with Bergson's conception of reality, when it seems to correspond in every way with his own? The true position would seem to be that, whereas Bergson only values the past because it serves to complete the present, it is essentially on the past that Proust lays emphasis. The present is dull and colourless for him; the future vague; his communion with the past is, at certain moments,

¹ Essai sur les données immédiates de la conscience, p. 178. Compare also "Le Rire," in which Bergson gives, as his explanation of the comic, this tendency on the part of the individual to act as an automaton.

so complete, so absolute that it makes him doubt the reality of his present self. In this connection, E. Fiser puts forward a very interesting hypothesis :—

“Vue sous cet angle, la mémoire involontaire ne désigne pas d’une façon absolument claire cette méthode incomparable dont Proust se sert pour explorer la réalité spirituelle. Ce qu’il appelle mémoire involontaire est une resurrexion si absolue du passé qu’elle absorbe complètement notre présent et nous sommes réellement replacés dans le moi qui l’a vécu . . . C’est une communication profonde avec la vie d’alors que l’on pourrait bien plutôt appeler contemplation intuitive que mémoire involontaire. Il n’est pas invraisemblable que Proust ait désigné sa méthode ‘mémoire involontaire,’ pour une compréhension plus parfaite, pour un accueil plus favorable, pour l’usage ‘public,’ si l’on peut dire.”¹

When, therefore, Proust refuses to accept the epithet “bergsonian” for his novel, he is merely asserting his determination to concentrate on the past in order to attain to that supreme experience—the realization of eternity. As Bergson sees it, the past only enters reality as a fraction of the whole; the individual becomes “free” when he makes use of the past in order to live more fully in the present. But it is in the contemplation of eternity that Proust attains to the fullness of his being—in the contemplation of an eternity, revealed through the identity of a moment of the present with the past.²

¹ L’Esthétique de Marcel Proust, pp. 193, 194. Librairie de la Revue Française, 1933.

² In his book, “Le drame de Marcel Proust,” which has just been published, M. Henri Massis stresses this distinction between Bergson’s philosophy with its “ouverture vers l’avenir” and the “passéisme” of Marcel Proust. See H. Masses, “Le Drame de Marcel Proust,” Grasset, 1937.

MAN: MEASURE AND MEAN

WHEN we think about it at all, we are troubled to-day about ugliness in our buildings and, indeed, in all the structures that we set up. An intensified adaptation to purpose has alleviated something of their one time grotesqueness. Yet even now we feel a sense of doubt. And it is not because the structure is other than well enough. No, it is just because its general proportion and relations seem wrong. "Relations to what?" we question, wondering; and plain fantastic surges the answer: "To Man!"

"Yes, Man."

The machine has got ahead of him. Man's measures are getting unsure, for they are loosing themselves from his own senses and sensibility. Everybody knows that things in general have lost all sense of proportion! Proportion; perhaps that is the fundamental and wholly significant definition. Yet it is so simple a thing, and passes for an easy thing to apprehend.

Once it was called divine; Divine Proportion, inseparable companion of Beauty. But Beauty is a dangerous term to use in aesthetic talk nowadays. The word seems to be taboo outside cosmetic shops and hairdressers' emporiums. Still it is not beauty but proportion we're after—the measure of Man. For man is the Canon, to Man, he himself is the standard. Humanity cast out upon the wild earth must make its own world to the measure and means of its own mind and body.

So it projects itself into Nature, finds laws inside and outside and does its best to match them. Imaginatively, mankind relates itself to all things, big and little. Man's eyes swallow all they are cast upon. Everything above and below corresponds, man is the middle point. He is the standard, must be, for there is none other to argue about it with him. His limbs and senses make both the scale and measure and all his means to attain knowledge.

However, now-a-days we are slipping into another scale of numbers, measures, structural rules, and manufacturing formulae. All day and every day the machine is getting the upper hand. And the quality of divine proportion has gone somewhere aloft among the stars may be, sadly leaving the unheeding world of men as the Goddess of Justice was said, long ago, to have done.

Style, too, belonged to the same sense of things—but now it's stylisation which means the imposition of a technical manner or method. So, to-day, conflict and contrast in styles, the disassociation and discords aroused by differences between one and another style, give pleasure to our cognoscenti and knowing ones. We are asked to sit like Lazarus considering the once rich man among the sulphur banks and listen whilst he "grinds his false teeth," as the modern poet puts it.

There is no longer any need to train handicraftsmen. So the old rule of thumb slips away. The hand, the foot, all closely human relations in making things, are bit by bit being eliminated. And thus Art has come to be sought as emanating from abstract principle, following a law, of course, but one inhuman. Number and figure have overtaken the object and overpassed it. They are

making the very subject-matter itself. The introvert has really turned things inside out by the look of it.

The once customary canon of proportion has gone away out of this day's studies in art. Perhaps it's quite forgotten: perhaps there's something just too musty and fusty in the idea? Just a bit Apollo Belvedere, what?

Well, the ancient Canon of Proportion was defined in the figure of a naked man, standing stark upright, with arms wide outstretched at right angles to his trunk. The top of his head, his heels and his fingertips to left and right touched the four sides of a square in which he stood with his feet resting on the lower side, the upper side resting on his crown. These are the essential characteristics of the famous figure, its variations in detail have been under discussion ever since the Renaissance.

The discussion raged about the record of the canon of Polycleitus given by Vitruvius. Here it is, translated, "Nature has so composed the human body that the face from the chin to the top of the forehead and the roots of the hair should be a tenth part; also the palm of the hand from the wrist joint to the tip of the middle finger; the head from the chin to the highest point, and eighth; from the top of the chest to the roots of the hair, a sixth." Well, eight heads and ten faces has been a useful rule. The model who posed had, of course, to conform; the drawing must hold to the academic tradition. Undoubtedly it prevented the everpresent tendency to make the head over large, an image of due proportion was established in the mind . . . and memory.

Leonardo da Vinci gave his version, with its differences, in a familiar, oft-reproduced drawing, in which the figure outstretched in the square is doubled by the addition of an extra pair of arms and legs, flung wide to touch a circle centred in the navel. Albert Durer also put a vast deal of work into the subject in his noteworthy published study of drawing. But in an elaborate and magnificently produced edition of Vitruvius published in Como, and annotated and designed by Cesar Cesariano at the beginning of the 16th century, these two postures of Leonardo's are given in a curious relative proportion. The square holding a larger figure encloses the circle containing a lesser. Their difference is such that if superimposed, the lesser man hangs with his outstretched palms set on the forearms of the greater. Apparently Cesariano purposed illustrating through it the mystery of proportion called the Golden Section or Divine Division.

A Milanese scholar and architect, he had enjoyed, in his career, some flavour of the glory of those days when Plato's curious myth and number lore was being explored among the noblest company of elegance and beauty and wit in all the world. He had been called on to work upon such matters for Duke Hercules of Ferrara; and he crowned his otherwise obscure labours by this projected edition of Vitruvius ere he disappeared from the world's further knowledge.

The Humanists enjoyed such theorising and there was, for those of a Platonising and Pythagorean turn, the anticipation that in the near beyond would be found the ideal, wholly insignificant, formula for Beauty. Man, as they were well aware, was the Lord of the animals, formed in the Divine image, informed by soul and spirit. His bodily proportions held the clue, necessarily. For Beauty could be recognised at a glance, so why should it not be netted in a measurement?

They were sure. But the time had been when humanity was not so certain. Among primitive peoples, animals were often—and are, even yet—considered to be a superior type of life. Man for long felt himself dubious, doubting, dependent, self-conscious, diffident, shamefast. He feared the beasts' single-minded directness and assurance, their complete adaptation to environment and purpose. He was long ere he dare set his own visage amongst the sacred masks of the powers of life. The man only at the last appeared among the four royal beasts of the starry corners of the world. As one might guess, that vision came out of Nearer Asia.

The animal gods endured in power during all the dynasties of Egypt. But quite early in the symbolism of the western world came the figure of the first man ; and quite unexplained in its origins. There was a sense of the monstrous about its early exemplars in sculpture ; its head leonine, bearded and maned, with a maw out of which burst flames. Yet its myth indicated an apparition of primal beauty, the manifestation of the shining-faced Phanes, the first man, born from the world egg which the dragon encoiled. Beauty and strength, youth and mastery became more manifest in the carved representations as time passed. For it was the strange theurgic figure in more than one of the mystery cults of the ante-Christian age : Mithraism deriving from the Iranian world saw it as Unending Time, but the Greek Orphics named it Phanes ; in general it was called, ultimately, the *Æon*.

That figure with its terrifying splendour of the grotesque, had the face of man, the lion's mane about it, head and eyes of the snake above, eagles' wings at the shoulders, in its hands the thunderbolts or the keys, and it was encircled down to the bull's feet by the coils of the serpent. Such was the general form of the primal man manifested in the great *Æon*, the man of stars, the leader in the dance of life. Upon such a marvellous being Euripides' Bacchae called :

"Appear, appear whatso thy shape or name
O Mountain Bull, Snake of a Hundred Heads
Lion of Burning Flame,
O God, Beast, Mystery, come !"

Thus Gilbert Murray translated their chorus. Such was their hierophant when he appeared, crowned like royal Egypt with the serpent, a creative light in the darkness, bound about the body like Osiris.

The Perfect Man belonged to the traditional mystery of the stars. Some said that the first bi-sexual Adam slept, stretched all along the circle of the Zodiac, still in the cataleptic trance of dream in which he gave his life to the lesser pair of Adam and Eve. Even yet the astrologers account his head to be in Aries and his feet in Pisces, companion image to the six foot square of the Canon of Proportion. And both may well be envisaged with arms outspread so that, as the Twins in the Zodiac equate with the shoulders of the side real Adam, his arms stretch out along the Galaxy enfolding the whole world. For from finger tip to finger tip equals the height, and so the two circles made by the Divine Body about the sphere are wholly complete in their embrace.

There is an all-haunting power of imaginative vision about this human self-projection into the stars of space. Thus man made himself the measure of all

things. Out of the dust and mud he made his mind, groping with hands that found feeling and feet that set themselves strong beside the tree, the tree that alone of living things stood upright as he would stand. So he made it the pillar to the star roof above, for it first gave him shelter and garment and food. Making it holy, he threw a cloak of stars over it.

By little and yet a little he won, out of his star gazing, to the knowledge of number and time and space, the way of moon and sun and the interplay of planets amid the fixed eternal sidereal sound. The hours of the day he took out of the moon in the sky and sought a firmer truth beyond the errant stars. He gave the world's winds their corners, and the seasons' royal stars that went with each of them. Man imaged them in Bull, Lion, Scorpion and Waterpouser, setting himself in the place of the pouring waters of the clouds, between the Horse and the Fish. He established the coiled Draco in the midst.

Man had cast his panoply of magical powers, the master symbols of his initiation, among the far stars. There he wrote in symbol the long myth of his past, the secret of all his dream and mystery and holy rite. So is the starry sky become the book of forgotten wisdom, seven sealed, holding the tale of man's fate in the past and giving the measure of his dream of perfect beauty, the wondrous vision of the Macrocosm.

In later ages it came about that the primal egg was called the Egg of the Philosophers and imaged as a head, or skull with a serpent coiled about it. And ultimately the shining face first manifest was seen as a sacred cup with two heads in profile, to right and left of the central visage. The vessel of the mystery of man. Now the sky is but the great dome of the wide world's sacred skull within which we watch the thought of the world soul silently unfold. But we yet dream upon the silent wonder of that thought whereby man sought once, and perhaps again will seek and find, initiation to the mystery of time and space, bound in one perfect body's proportion and beauty.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus

More Binding Variants, by John Carter, with Contributions by Michael Sadleir.
(London: Constable, 3s. 6d.).

The standard works on publishers' binding are Mr. Michael Sadleir's *The Evolution of Publishers' Binding Styles* (1930) and Mr. John Carter's *Binding Variants* (1932), both of which appeared in Messrs. Constable's well-known "Bibliographia" series and both of which, I believe, are now out of print. In spite of the fact that each volume was of an exploratory and pioneering character, the two, taken together, remain, if not the final word on the subject, at any rate the basis of all future research in problems of book-structure and binding variants.

Book-collectors, and more especially those who specialise in nineteenth-century books, will welcome an addendum to the previous works which now comes in collaboration from the same hands. Nothing is more surprising than the way in which new and unsuspected variants of original publishers' bindings turn up, providing in some cases priority puzzles which need expert knowledge for their solution. In *More Binding Variants* Messrs. Carter and Sadleir deal with no less than forty-six books—all of interest to collectors—with regard to which the discovery of unrecorded variants either modify or help to clarify previous conclusions. Amongst the books dealt with are such classics as *Lorna Doone*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Oliver Twist*, *The Whale*, *Tom Cringle's Log*, *East Lynne*, and *John Halifax, Gentleman*. Of especial interest to Irish collectors is Mr. Sadleir's survey of the extraordinarily complicated problem arising out of the circumstances which attended the publication of *Le Fanu's House by the Churchyard*. The first edition of that famous novel, printed in Dublin, but published in London, has by reason of variants—not confined to the publisher's binding only—presented a priority problem calculated to give even the most clear-eyed bibliographer a headache. But, here at last, order seems to be evolved out of chaos, and the collector who studies Mr. Sadleir's conclusions will know what to look for.

Another important first edition—the Aylott and Jones edition of the Bronte *Poems*—is handled comprehensively by Mr. Carter, who is able to add something to what has already appeared in Mr. M. L. Parrish's *Victorian Lady Novelists*. From what Mr. Carter has to say it would seem, incidentally, that the book is not so excessively rare—in the first edition—as collectors imagine. At any rate, a fair number of copies appear to be available for purposes of comparison.

But this little book has an importance apart entirely from its interest to collectors. It is also valuable from the point of view of the light it throws on

certain aspects of the history of English binding styles. What Mr. Carter says, for instance, about the variant bindings of *Tom Cringle's Log*—a book which was published almost immediately after the introduction of direct gilt blocking on publishers' cloth—is illustrative of certain general principles which must be taken into account in any survey of the binding styles of the period.

Four Lectures. By Anthony Trollope. (Printed from the Original Texts, edited with Collations, Notes, etc. By Morris L. Parrish, and published for him by Constable and Co., London. 150 copies only printed).

The reprinting of Trollope's four lectures is an admirable piece of piety on the part of Mr. M. L. Parrish. Mr. Parrish is a Trollope "fan"—a word which is now so well-known on this side of the Atlantic that it may be permitted an entry into the sober realm of bibliography—and is one of the very few collectors whose shelves boast of a "Mac Dermott" and an "O'Kelly" in the original binding of a first edition. These lectures will not take away from the novelist's reputation as a writer of good English prose, and their subjects are not without interest even to-day. When Trollope spoke on "The Civil Service as a Profession" his remarks were the result of long experience and first-hand knowledge, and the same applies to the lecture with the captivating title, "On English Prose Fiction as a Rational Amusement." But even subjects which he may have been discussing from the outside—"The Present Condition of the Northern States of the American Union" and "The Higher Education of Women"—were handled in a manner forthright enough to render them readable even some seventy years later.

Only a few copies of each of these lectures were printed and these were for the author's use only. Mr. Parrish is happy to possess a copy of each, with annotations and alterations in the author's hand. His editing and collations leave nothing to be desired. All admirers of the great Victorian novelist will be grateful to him for having given these fugitive, but not unimportant, pieces a permanent form.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DR. DOUGLAS HYDE

(AN CRAOIBHÍN DOIBHINN).

(AN LEANAMHAINTE).

(26) AN CLEAMHNAS (1904).

AN CLEAMHNAS/Órdama./AN CRAOIBHÍN DOIBHINN./VO RSPÍOB.

8vo: $6\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$: pp. 24: Comprising Text, pp. [1]—23: printer's imprint in centre of page [24]. Issued in green wrappers, Title, as above, printed in black on front cover within double rules. Short title at top of page [1]. All edges untrimmed.

First printed in *Irisleabhar na Saeóilse*, Dec., 1903, and January, 1904.

(27) RÍŠ SEUMAS (1904).

RÍŠ SEUMAS/AN CRAOIBHÍN DOIBHINN./VO RSPÍOB:/Translated by/Lady Gregory.

This within a double border. Below border, printer's imprint, "AN CÍÓ-CUMANN, ÁT CUIAT."

8vo: $7\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 28: Comprising page [1] blank: Text, pp [2]—[3]—27: page [28] blank.

Issued in blue wrappers, title in black on front cover, as above. List of books by author on recto of back wrapper. All edges untrimmed.

The gatherings are, one of 16 pp., one of 8 pp., and one of 4 pp. No signatures. Text in Irish with translation on opposite pages. This book was possibly not actually distributed to booksellers until Jan., 1905, but I have seen a presentation copy dated Nodhlaig, 1904.

(28) CÁSADH AN TSUŽÁIN (1905).

CÁSADH AN TSUŽÁIN/OR/THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE./AN CRAOIBHÍN/VO SPSÍOB/TRANSLATED BY/LADY GREGORY/Réal, žlan. This within a one line border. Below the border "AN CÍÓ-CUMANN, BAITHE ÁTA CUIAT."

8vo: $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. [24] unnumbered: Comprising page [1] blank: Text, pp. [2-23]: page [24] blank.

Issued in blue wrappers, Title printed, as above, in black on front cover. All edges untrimmed.

Irish text, with English translation on opposite pages.

First printed, with English translation by Lady Gregory, in *Samhain* No. 1 (Oct., 1901), the translation reprinted in *Poets and Dreamers* (1903).

(29) ΔΗ ΡΟΣΑΘ (1905).

Δη Ροσαθ/Small Rule/Όρμαμα Ειν-ζυνη/Small Rule/Δη Ροδοθιν Δοιθινν το ρεϋιοθ/Small Rule.

8vo, but no signatures : $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$: pp. 64 : Comprising Title, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [1, 2] : Text and vocabulary, pp. [3]-64.

Issued in green wrappers, printed in black on front cover, and on recto of back cover with list of other books by author. Top edges trimmed, fore edges rough trimmed, and bottom edges untrimmed.

(30) ΔΘΗΡΔΙΝ ΘΙΑΘΑ ΘΎΙΞΕ CONNACCT (1906). 2 Vols.

ΔΘηρΔιν Θιαθα ΘΎιξε Connacct/or/The Religious Songs of Connacht/ (These three sections printed in red, the remainder in black) A COLLECTION OF POEMS, STORIES, PRAYERS, SATIRES,/RANNS, CHARMS, ETC./CUIO 1./ (BEING CHAPTER VI OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT)/NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED, EDITED, AND TRANSLATED/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE/(Δη Ροδοθιν Δοιθινν)/. LONDON/T. FISHER UNWIN/DUBLIN/M. H. GILL AND SON, LTD./MCMVI. 2 VOL.

Vol. I. 8vo : $7\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$: pp. xxi+405 : Comprising Half title, with publisher's advertisement of books by author and W. B. Yeats on verso, pp. [i,ii] : Title, with "All Rights Reserved" on verso, pp. [iii, iv] : Dedication, to the memory of Fr. O'Growney, page [v] : Ροιμ-Ράθ, pp. [vi, vii]-xvii : CιΔρ, pp. [xviii, xviix]-xxi : Text, pp. 2-404 : pp. [405, 406] blank.

Vol II. Title as in Vol. I, save for CUIO II, instead of CUIO I, and "Chapter VII" of the Songs of Connacht, instead of "Chapter VI." pp. iv+xi+421 : Comprising blank leaf, unnumbered : Half title, with publisher's advertisement of other books by author and Mr. Yeats on verso, unnumbered : Title, page [i] : CιΔρ, pp. [ii, iii]-xi : Text, pp. 2-420 : pp. [421, 422] blank.

Text in Irish, with English translation on opposite pages. Printer's imprint at bottom of page 420 of Vol. II.

Issued in green linen cloth, blocked in gilt on spines. Top edges trimmed, others untrimmed. Cream end papers.

(30A) ΔΘΗΡΔΙΝ ΘΙΑΘΑ ΘΎΙΞΕ CONNACCT. Part Issue. (1905-6).

This part issue was the earlier issue, and the volumes were clearly bound from the parts. The eight parts were issued in greenish blue stiff covers, printed on front in dark blue, all edges trimmed. The titles and preliminary pages are in front of Parts I and V, and show differences from those in Volume form, as follows :—

CUIO 1. Verso of Half-title blank : only first line of Title in Red : Publishers' imprint at bottom thus :—

LONDON :		DUBLIN :
T. FISHER UNWIN.		M. H. GILL & SON, LTD.

Printer's imprint on verso of title.

CUIO II. Blank leaf and Half-title removed : Publisher's imprint as in CUIO I, Part Issue : First three lines of Title in red, as in Cloth issue.

One would normally expect, in a part issue, to find the titles, etc., at the end of the Volumes, *i.e.*, in Parts IV and VIII. I hazard the suggestion, therefore, that this may not be the earliest issue of the Parts, that the part issue was issued solely by the Dublin publishers, and that possibly copies of the cloth issue with the titles as herein described were issued in Dublin. The cloth issue which I have described has Fisher Unwin's name shown at the foot of the spine.

The material of this book appeared intermittently, from 1895 to 1905, in *The New Ireland Review*.

(31) SGEALURD FIOR NA SEACTMÁINE (1909).

SGEALURD FIOR NA/Seactmáine./Rule/Seact SGEALTÁ Ó BÉAT NA NÓAOINE/Rule/
AN CPAOIBÍN DOIBINN/DO CPAUNNIG ASUR DO CUIR CÍÓ OIRIÁ./Double Rule/ṢIU
ASUR A MÁC./Small Rule/1909.

5 $\frac{1}{8}$ × 4 $\frac{1}{4}$: No Signatures: pp. vi+112: Comprising Title, with printer's imprint on verso, unnumbered: *Roim-íocai* pp. [i]–iii: page [iv] blank: Text, pp. [i]–85: page 86 blank: Vocabulary Notes, pp. [87]–111: page 112 blank.

Issued in dark-red wrappers, all edges trimmed. No half title, though one is found in later issues (*e.g.*, 1911), which give no indication that they are reprints. Title repeated in black on front cover, verso blank. Advertisement of other books by the same author on back cover recto, verso blank.

A new edition, illustrated, of this was published in 1935.

There was a German translation by Kate Muller, published Ernst Romohlt in 1920, and a French translation by Commandant Huerre in 1937.

(32) MAISTÍN AN BÉARLA (1914).

MAISTÍN AN BÉARLA/Underlining Rule/ṖRAMA./AN CPAOIBÍN DOIBINN/DO ṖṢRÍOB./
Double Rule/ṢIU ḡ A MÁC. All this within a double border of one thick and one thin line. At bottom “*lucá 6d. ṡtan.*”

8vo: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ × 4: pp. 32: Comprising Text pp. [i]–30: pp. [31, 32] blank.

Issued in green wrappers. Title, as above, on front cover in black. Short title at top of page [i]. List of other books by author on recto of back cover. All edges trimmed.

ṖRAMA, in the title, should have an accent over the first A.

(33) THE GAELIC LEAGUE AND POLITICS, 1915.

8vo: 8 $\frac{1}{4}$ × 5 $\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 8: Comprising Text, pp. [i]–8. No wrappers.

Heading-title on page [i]—The Gaelic League and/Politics./Double Rule, one thick and one thin./Pronouncement by Dr. Douglas Hyde/(President)/Double Rule repeated. Followed by text. Printer's imprint at bottom of page 8. All edges trimmed.

(34) LEGENDS OF SAINTS AND SINNERS, 1915.

EVERY IRISHMAN'S LIBRARY/GENERAL EDITORS: ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES, M.A./WILLIAM MAGENNIS, M.A. DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D./LEGENDS OF SAINTS & SINNERS/COLLECTED & TRANS-LATED FROM THE IRISH/BY DOUGLAS HYDE/LL.D., D.LITT./Publisher's ornamental motto-device/two-line Irish proverb/DUBLIN/THE TALBOT PRESS LIMITED/89 TALBOT STREET. Title within a double-lined rectangular border, divided by double lines into three parts—first three lines, last three lines, and Between.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$: pp. xvi+296: Comprising Half title, with verso blank, unnumbered: Title, with Printer's imprint on verso, pp. [i, ii]: Preface, pp. iii-xi: Page [xii] blank: Contents, pp. xiii, xiv: Text, pp. [1]-295: Page [296] blank.

Issued in green cloth, blocked in gilt on spine and front cover. All edges trimmed. Top edges stained greenish-blue. Cream end papers.

(35) SÁBALTAS SEARLAIS MÓIR (1917).

SÁBALTAS SEARLAIS MÓIR/Rule/THE CONQUESTS OF CHARLEMAGNE/EDITED FROM THE BOOK OF LISMORE AND THREE OTHER VELLUM MSS./BY DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., D.LITT., M.R.I.A./LONDON:/IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY, 20, HANOVER SQUARE, W./1917.

8vo: $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xvi+132: Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii]: Title, with verso blank, pp. [iii, iv]: Preface, pp. [v]-xv: Page [xvi] blank: Fly title, page [1]: Text, pp. [2, 3]-128: Glossary, pp. [i]-iii: Page [iv] blank: Followed by 24 page notice of Irish Texts Society and its publications.

Text in Irish, with English translation on opposite pages.

Issued in green cloth, blocked in gilt on spine and front cover, all edges untrimmed. White end papers. No printer's imprint. (Printed abroad, I think).

(36) AN NAOMH AR IARRAÍD (1918).

AN NAOMH AR IARRAÍD/AN CHAIBHÍN DOIBHINN/DO RCPÍOIB/Small Rule/COIREAGS:/OIRIS "AN LÓCRAINN," SPÁID ROIBÉIRIO/Small Rule/1918.

8vo: $6\frac{3}{8} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 16: Comprising Title, with verso blank, pp. [1, 2]: Text, pp. [3]-15: Page [16] blank.

Issued in grey-green wrappers, printed in black on front cover. All edges trimmed. Printer's imprint at foot of front cover.

First printed in Samhain, No. 2, Oct., 1902, with English translation by Lady Gregory. This translation was reprinted in *Poets and Dreamers* (1903).

(37) CATALOGUE OF THE GILBERT LIBRARY, 1918.

CATALOGUE/OF/THE BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS/COMPRISING THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE/SIR JOHN T. GILBERT, LL.D., F.S.A., M.R.I.A./COMPILED BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., & D. J. O'DONOGHUE/FOR THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF DUBLIN/DUBLIN/PRINTED BY BROWNE AND NOLAN, LIMITED/1918.

8vo: $10\frac{1}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$: pp. xxiv+962: Comprising Title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii]: Introduction, pp. [iii]-xv: Latin Names of Places, page xvi: Note,

by Dr. Hyde, on page xvii : Addenda et Corrigenda, pp. xviii-xx : Errata Praeli, pp. xxi-xxiii : Page [xxiv] blank : Text, pp. [1]-962. Printer's imprint repeated on page 962.

Issued in yellowish grey wrappers, printed in black on front cover. All edges untrimmed.

Dr. Hyde was responsible for the cataloguing of the non-English books and, owing to the untimely death of Mr. O'Donoghue, saw the book through the press.

(38) ΔΗΡΔΙΝ ΕΥΓΕ ΚΟΝΝΑΕΤ. ΔΗ ΛΕΑΤ-ΡΑΝΝ (1922).

Δηρδίν Ευγε Κονναέτ/Δη Λεατ-Ρανν/Ουβγλαρ δε η-Ινε/(Δη Κραοιβίν)/οο
θαυγξ-/Λεϊττιύιρ νο να Μααοιβιέξινν ι ζκοάιρτε να η-Ουτρεοίτε/ ι μθαίτε
άτα Κιατ/Μέσσυγξτε/θαίτε άτα Κιατ/Μάριταν Ιερτερ, ττα./

8vo : $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 80 : Comprising Blank leaf, pp. [1, 2] : Half Title, with dedication on verso, pp. [3, 4] : Title, page [5] : Text, pp. 6-79 : List of other books by author on page 80. No printer's imprint.

Issued in slate-grey boards printed in black on spine and front cover. All edges trimmed. Cream end papers.

(39) ΤΕΑΕ ΝΑ ΜΒΟΕΤ (1934).

Τεαε να μβοετ/Όραμα Δον-Ζνίμ/Δη Κραοιβίν/οο ηρηοβ/Printer's ornament/
Ιε ceannaε ερέ δον υιοττοίρ ιεαθαίρ νό υίρεαε ό/Όιρξς υιοιτα φοιτρεαεάιν
Ριατταίρ,/5 Σπάοο τοθαίρ πάορμαξ, θαίτε άτα Κιατ, m.2./1934.

8vo : $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 22 : Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [1, 2] : Title, with Δη Όαρα ηεαζαίρ on verso (but this is the first printing in book form), pp. [3, 4] : Δη φοιρεααν, with verso blank, pp. [7, 8] : Text, pp. [9]-22. No printer's imprint.

Issued in thick grey covers, printed in black on front cover. All edges trimmed.

This play was first printed in Samhain No. 3 (October, 1903) with an English translation by Lady Gregory. This translation was reprinted in Lady Gregory's *Poets and Dreamers* (1903) and in Vol. IX. of the Abbey Theatre Plays (1906) [*Spreading the News* and *The Rising of the Moon*, by Lady Gregory, *The Poorhouse*, by Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory]. It was afterwards re-written as *The Workhouse Ward* by Lady Gregory, produced in 1908, and printed in *Seven Short Plays* (1909).

(40) ΟΕΤ ΣΞΕΑΙΤΑ Ο ΚΟΙΛΙΤΕ ΜΔΞΑΕ (1936).

Οετ Σξεαίτα/Ό Κοιλιτε Μάζαε/Δη Κραοιβίν Δοιβινν/οο ηρηοβ ό βεάι/τομάιρ
υί Καταρμαξ/Printer's ornament/αη η-α φοιττιύ αη ρον/Δη Κυμανν Ιε βεάι-
οιρεαίρ Είρεανν/Δς/Κοιλυετ Οιρεαεάιρ να ηείρεανν, Τεορ.,/θαίτε άτα Κιατ/
Small Rule/1936.

8vo : $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$: pp. viii+136 : Comprising Title, with verso blank, unnumbered : Ρεάμ-Ραο, pp. [i]-iii : Acknowledgment of help from Government

in publishing on page [iv]: *Cúlar an leabhair*, with verso blank, pp. [v, vi]. Text, pp. [1]–133: pp. [134, 135] blank: printer's imprint at foot of page [136].

Issued in yellow wrappers, printed in black on spine and front cover. All edges untrimmed. No end papers.

(41) *mise agus an connradh* (1937).

Mise agus an Connradh/50 n°1 1905/Dubglas de hÍve, D. Litt., LL.D., M.R.I.A./le ceannad viread o/Oiriz Oiolta foillreacáin Rialtais/5 Spáio Tobair Páorais, Baile Áta Cuiat m.2/nó trí don Oioltóir leabair.

(The word *tri* is a misprint for *tre*).

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$: pp. 182: Comprising Half title, with date of printing on verso, pp. [1, 2]: Title, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [3, 4]: Réam-focal, pp. [5]–6: Text, pp. [7]–182. Portrait facing title.

Issued in dark blue cloth, blocked in gilt on spine and front cover. All edges trimmed, and stained blue. White end papers.

(42) *mo túrus go h-Améirice* (1937).

Mo túrus go h-Améirice/nó/imearís na nGaeveal inr/An Oileán úr/An Craobhín doibhinn/oo ríghíob/ le ceannad tré don oioltóir leabair, nó viread ó/Oiriz Oiolta foillreacáin Rialtais/5 Spáio Tobair Páorais, Baile Áta Cuiat, m.2/1937.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$: pp. ii+190: Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii]: Title, with *i scuinne ar Seán Ó Cuinn* on verso, pp. [1, 2]: Text, pp. [3]–188: pp. [189, 190] blank: no printer's imprint. Frontispiece portrait of John Quinn; and other portraits at pp. 4, 8, 14, 26, 36, 54, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 102, 106, 108, 110, 124, 130, 142, 146, and 160.

Issued in dark blue cloth, blocked in gilt on spine and front cover. All edges trimmed, and top edges stained blue. White end papers. There is a printed dust-wrapper, on which *turas* is printed instead of *turus*.

NOTES.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOOKS.

I have not attempted to collate the books to which Dr. Hyde was a contributor, but the more important of these may be set down.

Poems and Ballads of Young Ireland. 1888.

(One translation and four original poems, including the *Marching Song of the Gaelic Athletes*, which the G.A.A. appear never to have heard of though we used sing it in London, 35 years ago).

Lays and Lyrics of the Pan-Celtic Society. 1889.

(One translation and two original poems, including a fine democratic poem *An Appeal*, which is unique in Dr. Hyde's work

Óuanair na Nuab-ḡaeóige (1891).

(Seven poems in Irish. This is the anthology, referred to by O'Donoghue, but not named, as edited by Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver).

The Revival of Irish Literature. 1894.

(Contains his most famous and most fruitful essay—*The Necessity for De-anglicising Ireland*).

Ideals in Ireland. 1901.

(Contains *What Ireland is Asking For*, a characteristic essay on Education, translated from his Irish original).

A Treasury of Irish Poetry, Brooke & Rolleston. 1900.

(This contains introductions to *Dr. George Sigerson* and *Dora Sigerson* by Dr. Hyde).

Bards of the Gael and Gall. Sigerson. Third Edition. 1925.

(Contains a long *Memorial Preface*, reprinted from *Studies*).

CONTRIBUTIONS TO PERIODICALS.

Dr. Hyde's first appearance seems to me to have been in *The Shamrock*. It had for a number of years a Gaelic section, conducted at first by Dr. Sigerson, and afterwards by "Óisín," and by the *Gaelic Union*. In the numbers for 27th Sept. and 3rd Oct., 1879, appeared, without signature, "Ḍoir Ḍoctóir Whaley," 24 verses, and including the six verses of this song which appear in the *Religious Songs*, and from 1st Nov., 1879, until the Gaelic section was discontinued, in May, 1882, without comment, poems and *airtí* appear under his signature, mostly original poems in Irish but some translations and *ḡreann-neite* also.

He is also to be found in the *Dublin University Review* (1885, 6), one original poem in Irish and two prose articles, in *The Irish Fireside*, 1887, two poems in English, and in *Young Ireland*, 1888, one poem in English. Dr. Horace Reynolds has set down recently, in the Oct.-Dec. number (1938) of the *Dublin Magazine* his printing of the *Songs of Connacht* in the *Providence Journal* and *Boston Pilot*, and he is to be found, translations mostly, in Vols. 1 and 4 of *St. Patrick's* (1900 and 1903), and in *Eriu*, and other journals of the learned Societies. He has edited and published, from University College, from 1926 onwards, four numbers of an intermittent Journal in Irish, *Lia Fáil*, containing many contributions by himself. Various contributions to the *Nation*, *Weekly Freeman*, and *New Ireland Review* of the *Songs of Connacht* are noticed in the Bibliography under the respective items, as well as of the plays in the *Gaelic Journal*, *New Ireland Review* and *Samhain*.

ḌḡUISÍN.

I think I have collated every book written or wholly edited by Dr. Hyde, and one jointly edited by him (the Gilbert Catalogue). But any amendment or addenda will be very gratefully received.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE HOUSE OF GUISE. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. pp. 322. Lindsay Drummond Ltd. 1938. 15s. net.

A critic in the *New Statesman*, while praising this book, has accused the author of religious partiality. Personally, I see no indication of bias. It is true that Mr. Sedgwick does not disguise the undoubted fact that the opponents of the Guises were no more scrupulous and no less bloodthirsty than they were. I doubt whether the Wars of Religion were primarily religious! I do not doubt the attachment of the Guises to the "old faith," any more than I doubt Ronsard's attachment to it—and to the Guises. The Guises tried to set one of their number on the throne of France. They failed. The Bourbon-Vendômes won. But it was not a Bourbon-Vendôme who murdered Henri Duc de Guise and his brother in 1588, nor a Guise who murdered the murderer, Henri III, King of France, a year later. It was not the Guises who organised the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, but Catherine of Medici, in an endeavour to implicate the Guises, who already threatened the throne, and to put the blame on them. It is true, of course also, that but for the ambition, and if you like, the faith of the Guises, there might have been no civil war, but, in that case also, the Huguenots might have seized power in France. Mr. Sedgwick gives a clear and fair and most interesting account of this complicated and difficult period. As the publisher says, "it is not the traditional Protestant history book view," but it is a reasonable and probably the correct view, when all facts are taken into account.

Mr. Sedgwick might have spared us his jibe at those who pronounce Guise correctly, and he might have made his phonetic version of the correct pronunciation correct. It is not only at the Sorbonne, Grenoble, Harvard and Toronto that the name is correctly pronounced. He might have added Dublin. The genealogical table is confusing in its set-out and inadequate.

There are a few errors, surprisingly few.

The father of Diane de Poitiers (p. 57), was not son-in-law to Louis XI. Her father, Jean de Poitiers, Seigneur de Saint Vallier, married Jeanne de Batarnay, daughter of Imbert de Batarnay, Seigneur du Bouchage (a remote cousin of Ronsard). It was Diane's grandfather, Aymar de Poitiers, who was son-in-law to Louis XI, although Jean was not the son of Louis XI's daughter, Marie. He was the son of Aymar's second wife, Jeanne de la Tour, daughter of Bertrand V de la Tour, Comte de Boulogne et d'Auvergne. However Diane's husband's father was the son-in-law of Charles VII by Agnes Sorel's daughter, Charlotte, whom her husband murdered—it was a *cause célèbre* in 1476. Louis de Brézé was, therefore, nephew to Louis XI. Diane was second cousin of Catherine de Médicis, both being grand-children of Bertrand V de la Tour.

Le bon Roi René (René I) was not of Lorraine stock (p. 16), but Capetian. He was the son of Louis II, duke of Anjou, and the grandson of Louis I, Duke of Anjou, second son of King John of France.

René I married the heiress of Lorraine. Their daughter, Yolande, married Ferry II, Comte de Vaudémont, and their son was René II, the progenitor of the House of Guise through his son, Claude. Ferry was a cadet of the House of Lorraine. Ferry I was a son of Jean, Duke of Lorraine. He married Marguerite de Joinville, Comtesse de Vaudémont, heiress of Vaudémont. Their son, Antoine I of Vaudémont died in 1447, and was the father of Ferry II. René II was, therefore, of male Lorraine stock.

The Seigneurie of Guise was very old. It had come into the House of Lorraine by a devious and complicated process of marriages which it would be tedious to follow in detail. A daughter of Bouchard IV of Montmorency (who succeeded his father, c., 1094), married Gui, Seigneur de Guise, son of Geoffroi, Seigneur de Guise and Ade de Roucy. Through the House of Avesnes and the House of Chatillon, the Seigneurie ultimately descended to the House of Lorraine.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

PROVENCE. FROM MINSTRELS TO THE MACHINE. By Ford Madox Ford. Illustrations by Biala. Pp. 368. George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net. 1938.

This compendium of Mr. Ford's prejudices is certainly entertaining. It is also discursive. There is quite as much about London and things in general as about Provence. There are many amusing and often pungent *obiter dicta*. I quote a few:—

"Patriotism is the meanest of all the virtues and an alcoholism to which one succumbs at one's peril" (p. 257).

"Christianity as a faith died a few days after the 4th of August, 1914" (p. 304).

"I hate Germany, her constitution, the rigidity of her scholastic thought, her heroic traditions and every side of her public life and manifestations, and all her inhabitants north of a line drawn from Hamburg to Frankfort on the Oder, a territory that with the exception of Nietzsche . . . has produced no single artist or thinker since the world began. I hope that the end of Mr. Hitler—and soon—may be a long stay in a cage in the Thiergarten of some small South German town" (p. 332).

"The only thing that Great Britain can produce better than any other country in the world is pedigree animals of all kinds" (p. 362).

Mr. Ford's panacea for world peace (pp. 362-3) is interesting and sensible.

But alas! Mr. Ford, although he says (p. 222) that "it is of course absurd to decry scholarship" has already made the sweeping assertion that (p. 66) "Scholarship is a quality for which I have always had a great contempt." He proves it.

Apart from a few printer's errors, *prophetèse* (p. 18), *Draguigan* (p. 43), *le gaie savoir* (p. 56), *Bérald des Baux* (p. 177), *Adelaïde* (p. 182), and some others, he flounders, perhaps deliberately, on several occasions on which exact scholarship would have been desirable.

The Castle of Beaucaire is not "the ivory castle of Nicolette" (p. 16); it was not built till after the composition of *Ancassin et Nicolette*. Count Raymond of Orange (p. 172) was not the adversary of Count Garins of Beaucaire in the same masterpiece. The text of Guillem de Cabestanh's poem (p. 55) is full of errors. I do not know what Mr. Ford means by stating (p. 117) that "by that date (1016) Provence was already suffering severely from the crusades against the Albigenses." It was not Guillaume I "who finally expelled the Saracens from Les Maures" but Guillaume II, le Libérateur, who died in 994.

Arnaut Daniel wrote no "albas"; it is, therefore, incorrect to speak (p. 230) of "an *albade* by Arnaut Daniel."

I do not agree that Mr. Pound is "the greatest living authority" on the Troubadours.

On pp. 130—131 Mr. Ford asserts that "both by Catholics and by their most prosperous (*sic*) opponents of to-day, Albigensism has been called consistently 'Protestantism.' " This is incorrect and unfair. Calmette's *Le Monde Féodal* does not take this view. Nor does Luchaire, nor does Guiraud in his great History of the Inquisition. I have found the great Catholic historians of the "Crusade" quite fair and trustworthy. I may not accept their premisses or their conclusions, but their facts are incontrovertible.

Was Charles of Anjou the founder of the dynasty that gave to the world the good King René (p. 208)? Does not Mr. Ford confuse the first and the second Houses of Anjou? Was Raymond de Turenne "a German-descended adventurer"?

A passage on p. 153 is characteristic of Mr. Ford Madox Ford's attitude towards scholarship:—

"As far as I am concerned I have never troubled to retain a single date. Occasionally some will spring unbidden to my consciousness. Thus I happen to be aware that from the birth of Guillaume IX of Poitiers to the death of Guiraud Riquier was exactly 207 years, Guillaume, the first of the known *contefablistes* of Provence being born in 1087, and Guiraud, the last of the Troubadours, dying in 1294. And I know that the order of birth of the most notable Troubadours was Bernard de Ventadour, Marcabrun, Jaufre Rudel, all born in the same year, though what that year is I do not know—only that it was before 1150—and then Peire d'Auvergne, who called himself the Master of the Troubadours; and Guillem de Cabestanh and Richard Coeur de Lion—to whom Blondel was presumably a contemporary—and Peire Vidal and Bertran de Born, Folquet de Marseille, the Bishop of Toulouse who was one of the fiercest persecutors of the Albigenses and Rambaut de Vaqueras, and finally poor Riquier . . .

Oh, the first three were born in 1140, Ventadour dying aged fifty, Marcabrun being murdered at forty-five, and Jaufre Rudel . . . at the age of thirty . . . I have, of course, looked up those dates since writing the preceding sentence."

Where did he look up those dates? Not in Jeanroy or in Cavaliere or in Anglade. Guillaume IX was born in 1071, not 1087. He was not a *contefabliste*. Guiraut Riquier's last recorded poem is dated 1292; he may have died in 1294. That is about the only one of Mr. Ford's statements that is anywhere near accurate.

The other of the birth of the Troubadours mentioned, in so far as it is known, is not that given by Mr. Ford.

The date of Marcabrun's birth is unknown. His poetic activity ranges from 1130 to 1150. He was certainly not born in 1140.

Bernart de Ventadorn was born between 1120 and 1130, and his poetic activity dates from 1150 to 1180.

The date of Jaufre Rudel's birth is unknown. He was a contemporary of Marcabrun, who wrote a poem to him in 1148.

Peire d'Alvernhe's poetic activity covers the period 1158—1180. The date of his birth is unknown.

The date of birth of Guillem de Cabestanh is not known. He died on or after 1212.

Peire Vidal's birth date is unknown. His poetic activity covers the period 1180—1204. In 1204 he was in Malta, and from then all trace of him is lost.

Bertrand de Born is certainly earlier. He was born between 1135 and 1140 and died in 1200.

Folquet de Marseille's birth date is unknown. His poetic career covers the years 1179 to 1195. He died in 1231.

The date of birth of Raimbaut de Vaqueiras is unknown. He left Provence in 1180. He went with Boniface I of Montferrat to the Fourth Crusade, and we lose all trace of him in 1207.

And these are not all the "most notable Troubadours." What of Arnaut Daniel, Giraut de Bornelh, Beatrice Countess of Die, Sordello, Peire Cardenal, Guillem Figueira, to mention only a few?

Mr. Ford is hazy about the exact boundaries of Lothaire's Empire after the Treaty of Verdun in 843, and about the relations of the County of Provence to the County of Forcalquier and the Marquisate of Provence. It doesn't, perhaps, matter very much in a chatty book like this but, if one must give facts, why not let them be accurate?

Among Biala's illustrations, which do not appeal to me, I like best the two "great views" on pp. 334—35 entitled "Into Italy from Provence," and "From Italy into Provence." But I am not qualified to judge modern art.

According to Mr. Ford the "Apple" of the Garden of Eden was the shaddock or *pamplemousse*, our grape-fruit, for which he has with the Provencaux, an ineffable contempt (p. 81).

"I am giving you my Provence," he says (p. 142), "not the country as made up by modern or German Scholarship." He disarms carping criticism, and he has a immense enthusiasm for his Provence.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

CHARACTERS OF THE REFORMATION. By Hilaire Belloc. Sheed & Ward. 2s. 6d. net.

LOUIS XIV. By Sir Charles Petrie. Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. 15s. net.

We bracket these two volumes together because Belloc has chosen Louis XIV as the last of the Reformers. That Cardinal Richlieu and Blaise Pascal are to be found in this strange assortment of Protestants need cause no astonishment to anybody who has at last succeeded in bringing these portraits into some kind of focus.

It would indeed be instructive to those who once in a way look over their neighbour's wall if they could only learn what is the exact status of Hilaire Belloc as a Roman Catholic apologist. The Catholic Book Club which commends his compilation informs us that Belloc's greatest thesis is that history is made by individuals. And he has done it here to his liking. Eccentricity is not *individuality*; and it is dangerously possible to be wounded in the house of one's friends. What surprised us at first was that the volume contains neither a *Nihil Obstat* nor an *Imprimatur*, but as we read on we understood. The day is surely long gone past when cultured people in any land will tolerate the deliberate trampling on the racial and religious susceptibilities of those who differ from them. To do so is inferior and immature. The best authors now-a-days do not write of "the internal difficulties of Protestantism, which unfortunately did

not prove fatal to it." In all humility we ask moreover, is any man a competent witness who alleges on his first page that because of the Reformation four hundred years ago, our civilization is now seriously imperilled and stands no small chance of being destroyed? In our submission this is not historical criticism; it is sheer rant and rodomontade to boot. Why does he not continue the sad story and tell us that this planet of ours will surely be burnt out within a decade and all because of the Fall of Constantinople and the Poetry of the French Renaissance? What a charming volume that was! Had he only stuck to his *métier*!!

The distorted pictures of the characters in this volume can be a source of downright amusement to those in search of diversion. Five or six ladies of high degree flit through its pages—some of them saints, some of them sinners—just according to the reader's upbringing; but all of them very definitely labelled by Hilaire Belloc who displays a most uncanny knowledge of the most intimate physical details of their daily life; information that engages the attention of the obstetrician and the gynecologist at his job, and of no earthly interest to the average reader.

The most outrageous misrepresentation of the Church he defends is on page 18. "Scholasticism, as it is called, or Thomism might be called 'the official philosophy' of the Church. In St. Thomas' philosophy the Real Presence is expressed in the term Transubstantiation; but no Catholic is bound to accept the scholastic doctrine of substance, and so long as the truth of the Real Presence is maintained Catholic doctrine is satisfied."

What says the Council of Trent in its Canons and Decrees—Session XIII, C. IV?—"idque nunc denuo sancta haec synodus declarat, per consecrationem panis et vini conversionem fieri totius substantiae panis in substantiam corporis Christi Domini nostri, et totius substantia vini in substantiam sanguinis eius. Quae conversio convenienter et proprie a sancta catholica ecclesia transsubstantiatio est appellata." Which is right? Trent or Belloc?

A very presentable, well-written, and scholarly book is Sir Charles Petrie's *Louis XIV*. So much has already been set forth about this fascinating figure and his period that it must be extremely difficult to find anything new to say on the subject. Most of the good stories that we had known and some new ones are to be found in these interesting pages. Louis the Great is not summarized in that pungent remark made by one who looked for the first time on Rigaud's painting of the monarch arrayed in all his royal magnificence: what a splendid clothes-horse!

There are eleven chapters in the book, not all of them of course of equal interest. The account of the Fronde Rebellion is distinctly good. We recommend the portrayal of Mazarin. There is a suggestion early in the history that Fouquet was the Man in the Iron Mask, and again in chapter nine that he was Mattioli. He cannot have been everybody. Did any such person ever exist? *Did not Voltaire invent him?* Sir Charles points out that the two big blunders of Louis's reign were bringing the nobles to live with him at Versailles, and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

And now having kept the good wine to the last, we cordially commend page 220 to all and sundry who may be influenced by Belloc's theories of the causes of the Reformation in England. It is not Sir Charles who writes: he quotes rather to clinch what he has written on the relation between the Church

and Louis from Mr. H. O. Wakeman—"The Ascendancy of France." No amount of special pleading can change the fact of March 23, 1682. The four famous propositions of the French clergy were confirmed by royal decree and theoretically went further than Henry 8th ever presumed to move towards independence. Belloc's phantasmagoria in the light of history is seen in its true proportions. Would we had more space! SAMUEL B. CROOKS.

STUDIES IN A DYING CULTURE. By Christopher Caudwell. The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.

Publication of the second volume of Christopher Caudwell's posthumous works does little to alter the impression created by *Illusion and Reality*, which I reviewed here when it appeared. The new book contains studies of G. B. Shaw, T. E. Lawrence, D. H. Lawrence, H. G. Wells, Freud, and essays on pacifism, love, and liberty. Criticism proceeds in each case from an emphatically partisan viewpoint, that of the orthodox communist, following the latest lead of the Comintern. Each of the individual writers criticised is implicitly and explicitly designated as "bourgeois" (this word, with all its blurred emotional associations, occurs five times in the chapter-headings, and I have counted it fourteen times on a single page), and it is tacitly suggested that his work would have been better, and his life happier, had he only been a communist. The whole of this impressive panorama is rounded off into a coherent theme: the communist concept of liberty as opposed to bourgeois individualism. Here then is the work's main value. With the completion of the trilogy (*The Crisis in Physics* is yet to appear), we shall at last have a pretty comprehensive outline of the modern communist-Marxist attitude to culture, presented by a writer who obviously possessed vigour, intelligence and sincerity. Such a precision of the position has previously been singularly lacking, and laymen will be grateful to Caudwell's work in exactly the same way as they are grateful to that of Mr. Christopher Dawson for a similarly intelligent popularization of a modern Catholic view on the inter-relations of culture, religion and politics.

But as propagandists—and presumably that is their main aim—both of these seem to me to fail. For each presents a closed system, internally coherent, but simply—take it or leave it. The underlying assumptions are unproved, undiscussed—the central contemporary problem to which both react, the disintegration of a social culture, is not considered on the fundamental plane. In Caudwell's case no criteria are offered to show how D. H. Lawrence's work, life, and criticism differed from the complacent Philistinism of H. G. Wells. I know of only one book of Marxist criticism—Edmond Wilson's *Axel's Castle*—which argues from a sensitive appreciation of cultural values to an acceptance of the communist standpoint, and the author had hardly reached this position when he abandoned it. Caudwell proceeds the other way. Starting from a belief in communism, he goes on to evaluate contemporary culture. He assumes that under communist economic organization every best-seller will be a classic. But this is just what we cannot assume. What we want to know is not only how Lawrence differs from Wells, but why Lawrence, man and writer, is simply bigger than any writer so far who has accepted Caudwell's standpoint.

While scientists can still accept the communist programme for reasons of enlightened self-interest, the rôle of the "intellectuals" in the promised social revolution now seems as ambiguous as ever. Two years ago we were still being told that everyone interested in the future of culture must join the communist party, the new allegiance of Gide, Dos Passos, Edmond Wilson, Romain Rolland, W. H. Auden, Aragon was trumpeted forth. Of these, the first three have now left the movement, while the writing of the remainder has either ceased or undeniably deteriorated—with the one notable exception of Aragon. Let who will howl about *la trahison des clercs*, it doesn't help. More disquieting still is the news gradually seeping through from Russia. Soviet culture reached its peak-point about 1930 and since then, apparently under the meddling supervision of a centralized dilettantism, there has been a steady disintegration in every field—witness the new Palace of Soviets, and see Kurt London's *Seven Soviet Arts* (where the criticism may be angular, but the facts undeniable).

In America, recognition of the set-back has found an organ in *Partisan Review*, an organization in the recent founding of the International Federation of Independent Revolutionary Art by Diego Rivera and André Breton. And our eyes are on Mexico. In England and France* I imagine many people are reduced back to Mr. E. M. Forster's position: "Some of us think . . . that everything is now lost except personal affection, the variety of human conduct, and the importance of truth."

GRATTAN FREYER.

TUMBLING IN THE HAY. By Oliver St. John Gogarty. Constable. 10s.
I KNOCK AT THE DOOR. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Any of us may differ outrageously from Dr. Gogarty in politics, temperament and convictions, but we must admire his extraordinary exuberance and vitality. Few manage to escape the lethargy of our national life, the rheumatism and dampness of our climate. With an energy, which is all the more admirable because it comes so late, he has forced his own oral traditions into the ink bottle. He has struggled against overwhelming odds in the matter of style, and driven a late Victorian "growler" at a grotesque pace that almost knocks the wheels off it. His Pegasus in this book is a cab-horse and, by sheer persistence, he makes the sparks fly from the ancient cobbles of midnight Dublin. The Hay Hotel, which flourished mythically at the end of last century, provided entertainment for man and beast—pig's feet for the Yahoo and a wad of hay stuck in the window for the Houyhnhnm. But the midnight inn and its purloins are symbols, and those who expect to find Irish stews simmering in the dark vicinity of the Pro-Cathedral will be disappointed. Dr. Gogarty is not a realist but a humourist who can turn the corner just in time and leave us guessing. He has a topsy-turvy Victorian morality which leaves us with most of our human values undisturbed.

In other ways this story of medical students, in their early rampageousness and revolt from the dissecting room with all its stark blasphemy of life, is disturbing.

* Postscript: In France, I learn, the I F I R A have just issued the first number of their bulletin *Cité*.

He gives away the professional secrets, disjoins all the traditional mnemonics, sets the more indelicate nerves and muscles into a macabre dance and jingle. Anatomical jokes are obviously uncomfortable to the layman who flies from the scalpel, and takes refuge in his mean little hypocritical soul when his guts are shown to him as one of the funny wonders of creation. All professional joking tends to be ponderous. But one must take this Gargantuan pedantry at its own worth. We must swallow black-jack, remembering the killjoys, the constitution-makers and death mongers who overwhelm us with their rhetorical attentions in Ireland to-day. Dr. Gogarty is a complex character, as all must be who have worn the fiery shirt of Catholicism from infancy. But it is well that some should protest that we are in the midst of life when we seem to be in the midst of death. His fantasy is an assertion of values, many of which are absurd when we have outgrown them. He cannot forget the madness and promise of youth, its first intoxications when the stomach was still unpoisoned and the head, for all that, went round too quickly after the first glass. He has passed all examinations except those Finals which we all know by heart: nevertheless, he is the "chronic," that happy-go-lucky but slightly tragic figure who sits for ever on the same bench, who has his own corner behind the aspidistra pot. Hence his book is symbol and beneath the verbal juggling is an emotional fantasy. Stephen Dedalus searches morbidly for a father. Here the father becomes his own son and mistakes a ghost for himself.

There are patches of wild fantasy here that it would be ungenerous to depreciate, and shocks for the sober-minded. One feels distinctly uncomfortable among these dreadful young medicals walking the hospitals and acquiring knowledge at the expense of unfortunate "cases." But the contrasts are real enough whether we are at an inquest or spending a night in the lock-up. It brings to my mind an evening which I once spent with an unusual Coroner in a London district. Our talk was heightened by reminiscences and poetry. The street was quiet but far away the city traffic sped. Every half an hour the telephone bell rang and my friend noted down another inquest date.

Exuberance is also the chief characteristic of Mr. Sean O'Casey's autobiographical fragment, "I Knock at the Door," in which he deals with the first twelve years of his life. Of particular interest to us here is the light which it throws on his plays and the peculiarly irritating elements in them. Here, with complete candour and a directness which the modern cult of the vernacular makes possible, he sets down almost everything and, for the rest, one can read between the lines. If he exposes some of the hidden sores of this nation he does so with an honesty which is now the last privilege left to our writers. He is the first to show us that small submerged fragment of our population—the Poor Protestant: in touching that problem he touches moral hypocrisy and cant, for which so many historical excuses have been found. Bigotry in the second and third generation becomes a superstition, a horror which reason cannot shake. The Bird's Nest, the Souper, the Swaddler; mix *odium theologicum* with Victorian hypocrisy and the inevitable indiscretions, stir with the devil's spoon and you have sufficient gun-powder to blow the soul to bits. Small boys marching through the Liberties from their Institution in a stony British silence between their janitors, followed by the derisive yells of other urchins—this was a common entertainment not so long ago. Mr. O'Casey was more fortunate.

His father was the son of a mixed marriage and left Limerick in determined fashion to escape theological pots and pans. To-day the State, after lengthy law-suits, would probably have clapped all the Protestant-Catholic Casside youngsters into a Catholic institution and sent their Protestant mother packing.

There are tragic elements in this story of tenement life in Dublin at the end of the last century, the story of a small boy suffering from a permanent painful eye-affliction, too delicate to be sent constantly to school. There is obviously a measure of self-pity in these chapters, but it is never over-stressed. The tremendous activity of youngsters fighting, playing, squabbling in alley or street obscures the background of want. Only sometimes do the discomforts and privations come through with a startling vividness—the midnight rush on bare feet down many storeys to the back-yard, the theft of a small piece of bacon and an egg.

—I fecked them, said Johnny gleefully. When the dhrunken man fell an' scathered things, I fecked them as I passed.

—A nice thing if you'd been caught feckin' them, she said, in a frightened voice. Never, never do the like again. D'ye know, had you been nabbed, it 'ud have meant five years or more in a reformatory for you? Never do it again, Johnny. Remember what you've been taught: Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on; for the life is more than meat, an' the body than raiment; and your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things; so keep your hands from pickin' an' stealin', for the future; and she carefully placed the bacon and the egg in the press.

Johnny sat silent by the fire, drying his damp trousers. After a few minutes he saw his mother putting on her bonnet and cape.

—Where'r you goin' now, Ma? he asked.

—I'm goin' out to get a couple o' nice heads of cabbage, with the sixpence I've left, to go with the bacon to-morrow, she said.

The dramatist is at work in that passage and it is all the more effective in its sudden glimpse of desperation: for Mrs. Susan Casside is a sterling character, battling against poverty and obviously of a strong natural intelligence.

But the book is largely an exploration of the dream-world in which youngsters live so vividly and here the glories of Empire and of Sunday School march, prance and gallop past in mad-cap comic processions bringing a ferocious and idiotic splendour into the dirty purlieus of Dublin. All this in its savage satire is set down in a rhythmical deluding extravagance of vernacular that recalls the masterful blarney and gab of Joyce, but has a lyrical spontaneity of its own.

A. C.

WALKER OF DERRY. By W. S. Kerr, B.D., Dean of Belfast. James Colhoun, at the "Londonderry Sentinel" Printing Works, Londonderry. 3s. net.

None to whom his name is familiar would care to dispute the place of pre-eminence gained by Hector in the Siege of Troy; nor yet indeed in a later age that of Horatius Coclès who, though supported, we are told by two strong and intrepid henchmen, kept the Sublician bridge in the brave days of old. Some

names are now so indissolubly connected with certain deeds that it would be either foolish or impertinent or sinister, in fact, to question in any way the well-worn and well-reverenced alliance. Dante places the falsifiers very low in Malebolge.

Lovers of established modern poetry will recall that when King Arthur enlisted his Knights of the Round Table he administered an oath to them that they would "speak no slander ; no, nor listen to it." Hector, Horatius and Arthur may be nothing more than classical or mediaeval myths : George Walker, the subject of Dean Kerr's book, was one of ourselves ; bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh—a knight-errant in the highest and most chivalrous acceptation of the term, one who was *sans peur et sans reproche*. Merely to glance at the portrait of him reproduced here as a frontispiece, is the assurance of who he was. Look at the aristocratic bearing, the distinguished features, the delicate hands : see how easy he is in his suit of armour, displaying the ruffles and the clerical bands. His very cane he carries with an air. Here is not the picture of a dandy or a man-of-fashion : it is that of the Rev. George Walker, D.D., Governor of Londonderry, the Christian gentleman who according to Hampton took no notice of the infamous indictments levelled against him. This heroic figure has been the victim in certain quarters of some long, sedate resentment, almost Corsican in its perseverance, which flames forth anew from time to time with evident desire only to hurt and to destroy. The latest eruption we confidently expect will be the last ; for in this book before us the Dean of Belfast has given the final and a devastating answer to each suspicion, every libel, and all the hoary lies that have been told.

Food for thought is furnished in that, so far as your reviewer knows, there has been no single attack on Governor Walker's status and reputation from any Protestant episcopalian ; and what is more astonishing still, that no such onslaught has been directed from any Roman Catholic quarter where in the historic circumstances it might very reasonably have been expected and explained : in every case without exception the traducer has been a Presbyterian minister. From this fact it would be not only premature but a very serious error, to conclude that there is an official attitude of hostility on the part of the great Irish Presbyterian Church to the memory of Dr. Walker. If it exists we have not heard of it. Notoriously there are people more royalist than the king. It is never wise to argue with an opponent : it is much more fruitful to explain him. And this is what the Dean does in briefly reviewing the troubled history of the two Protestant Communions prior to the Siege and the fortunes—or misfortunes, rather—of the Walker family during those eventful years. But apart altogether from a domestic view of the situation, the Governor could not have looked with an enchanted eye at the growth and increasing influence of the Scottish aliens who were hampering the usefulness of his own Church ; for has not Canon Jourdain stated in the plainest terms that "These (Scottish immigrants) introduced into northern Ireland a source of weakness and dissension which impaired the ability of the Church of Ireland to combat the aggressions of the R.C. missionaries and clergy" ? (*Hist. Ch. of Ireland*, vol. ii, p. 559 seq.).

In a vivid passage descriptive of the composition of Lord Antrim's regiment sent to Derry, the Rev. Mr. Mackenzie tells us that "they had the *hereditary inclinations*, as well as the blood of their ancestors running in their veins." Now it was

charged against the Governor by this same Mr. Mackenzie that he minimized the numbers and importance of the Presbyterian defenders of the Maiden City; that he patronized "the Seven Nonconforming ministers" in that they "were equally careful of their people and kept them very obedient and quiet." There were eight of these ministers in the Siege, by the way. Why should such innocent words of Dr. Walker make the average Nonconforming minister to this very day see red? Is it an offence for a parson to seek peace and ensue it? Dean Kerr explains this statement as applicable by virtue of the adverb "equally" to both persuasions and was meant to be so. He then quotes incontrovertible evidence that numbers of the people did get out of hand.

Now Mackenzie cannot have it both ways. We have seen that Antrim's regiment outside the walls had "the hereditary inclinations of their ancestors running in their veins." The reverend gentleman describes the Episcopalians as "that party which could not (according to the exactest computation we could make) claim above one in fifteen of the common soldiers." What sort of heredity then had his own party—the overwhelming majority inside the walls? We collect the facts from Reid's *History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland*, vol. i., p. 96: "From Scotland came many, and from England not a few, yet all of them generally the scum of both nations, who, from debt or breaking, and fleeing from justice, or seeking shelter, came hither, hoping to be without fear of man's justice, in a land where there was nothing, or but little as yet, of the fear of God." Those who best know all the ascertainable facts are lost in admiration of the ministers who so wisely handled their difficult people.

Dean Kerr's excellent book, without which no literature of the Siege can now be called complete, runs to 144 pages, inclusive of an Index compiled by his daughter. His thanks to that fine scholar, the Very Rev. R. G. S. King, M.A., Dean of Derry, are duly and handsomely expressed for all the material which his research has brought to light and placed at the author's disposal. The Proprietor and Editor of the *Londonderry Sentinel* each receive a tribute of thanks. May we say that the printing leaves nothing to be desired, but a small label on the back of the binding with the title and author's name would be a distinct improvement in future editions?

Our purpose in writing of this little volume is to awaken and stimulate interest that will drive the reader to consult it, not to tell him beforehand what it contains. There is much new information about Governor Walker of which he ought to be possessed. The Rev. Mr. MacKenzie is verbally photographed in a searching light which exposes him as an umbrageous character of deficient judgment. As a writer, we must say we have always respected his literary gifts: he is a conscious stylist. It was of course Mackenzie who commenced this belittling of Dr. Walker. All his accusations—seven of them as arranged seriatim by the Dean—are here drawn up and patiently answered one by one in successive chapters.

The tit-bits of the book are to be found in pp. 112-116 where we have a faithful delineation of the Rev. James Gordon. The antecedents of this gentleman have been investigated with almost microscopic scrutiny and the truths that have been brought to light are such that we believe the last has been heard of any heroic part he played in the Siege of Derry.

We make one final observation as we look at the chapter entitled "Modern

Assailants of Walker." A pawky old gentleman called Professor Witherow wrote a very readable history of "Derry and Enniskillen in 1688-9." In his preface he tells us that "should the writer, in expressing his opinion freely in regard to men and things, have unconsciously said a word to excite a feeling of bitterness in any man towards his neighbour, it would be to him an unfailing source of regret. Such a feeling is not in his own heart." That is the beautiful and laudable Christian spirit in which he begins to tell his story. Towards the end of the volume his tune changes and it is in his heart to write these jaundiced sentences on which his position as a College Professor set a stamp of truth: "With the public Walker was still counted, as he represented himself, the Governor of Derry. A man who never fired a gun, nor struck a blow, nor led a sortie from the siege began till it was over, passed with the world for a great soldier. The director of the commissariat was taken for a great hero. The world at large formed of the man the estimate which he formed of himself. There is built to his memory a monumental pillar, which overlooks the city where Baker and Mitchelburne held the supreme military command, where Noble fought and Murray bled, and Walker had the oversight of the stores."

That was written with unpleasant intent.

SAMUEL B. CROOKS.

KINGS AND THE MOON. By James Stephens. Macmillan. 5s.

In *Strict Joy*, Mr. James Stephens' last book of verse, it was not difficult to perceive that the poet was in search of an art form in which he could clarify with the minimum of poetic gesture an austere and reserved attitude towards the mystery of life. The energetic wisdom, which in his earlier work overflowed into lively grotesquerie and borrowed vigorous and lovely shapes from local folk-lore, was more subdued and more personal, and more dependent on the shifting fluids of rhythm than on the touch and colour of *shock* imagery. *Kings and the Moon* would appear to be his final word on poetic form. It is the trimmed wick. It has the ritual and ordered brightness of candles, and like a candle-flame, it turns brave small fine fins everyway into the great flood of the surrounding darkness. A poem-like *Paternoster* will give an idea of the poet's notable condensation.

Do never pray,
But only say
— "O Thou!"

And leave it so,
For He will know
— Somehow —

That you fall
And that you call
On Him now.

The aphorism, like Love, is the very stuff of the Lyric. In the poetry of wisdom, however, there is no rhythm of ebb and flow; systole and diastole have

already done their work and are become fossilised, jewelled, cold and depersonalised. This is the great difficulty Mr. Stephens has set himself to overcome. It is a difficulty which he met, when younger, by inventing characters such as Tomas An Bhuile and thrusting gnomic wisdom upon them at a cross-roads publichouse. His present method, while it is more concentrated and direct, has not the "entertainment value," nor, I think, the traditional significance, of the former. He employs a short, quick-changing line, sudden rhyme, and an elusive stanza-form. He has standardised his symbols—the reader will find that the Moon, the Sun, Kings, Waters, Processions royal and elemental, have a certain unvaried symbolic content—and he has borrowed from poetic usage of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries the practice of making the adjective, in capitals, serve for the noun. He succeeds, however, where others less steeped in their Donne would achieve nebulously.

Beauty is Goodness, Wisdom, and is God :
 Beauty's own self is He, beauty is His !
 And who, born of a dream,
 And dreamily remembering dream,
 Shall dream to that which wakens ?
 Or by what a dream recall
 The unimaginable Otherwise
 —Goodness, Wisdom, God—
 Which—such is Beauty !

When his symbols have a more definite mental area, when their meaning has been defined and enriched by previous poetry, he is most successful. Such is the Threnos in the poem *For the Lion of Judah*

The Swan, the Dove, the Phoenix be
 In no bosom, in no tree,
 In no mild of memory.

Guard, nor guide no more, but slay !
 Shepherd, Pastor, Teacher, lay
 Staff, and crook, and book away ! . . .

Noble, Wise and Kind are gone :
 Men no more need muse upon
 The Dove, the Phoenix, and the Swan !

PADRAIC FALLON.

TWO IRISH PLAYS. "THE MAN IN THE CLOAK" AND "THE MOUSETRAP."
 By Louis L. D'Alton. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The first of these two plays has for subject the tragic figure of Clarence Mangan. There is great beauty in the play. That nobility which is shown as an essential part of Mangan's character illumines wretched surroundings. In the last scene, among the terror-stricken inhabitants of the mean street where cholera hourly claims its victims, only he can welcome death. "Don't be afraid

It is to me death is coming . . . You must suffer greatly before you are allowed to die . . . It is not so hard as you think." And later—"I have suffered in hell for endless years to make a handful of songs . . . To make one song . . . I am the poet Mangan, I have written a song. Therefore do not despise me." The sombre theme is relieved by the rough humour and quick tongues of Dublin slum-dwellers. Of this "relief" I think we get too much. Mr. D'Alton has a ready turn, an almost O'Casey touch in dialogue; but it is not quite O'Casey, and at times we tire of it.

This over-loquaciousness mars his second play "The Mousetrap." Again the subject is tragic; a young girl is wronged, her brother seeks revenge, and catastrophe brings low a family once the envy of the neighbours. The story is a little slow in unfolding, but the treatment, when it does unfold, is good.

This play has not yet had professional performance. "The Man in the Cloak" was produced at the Abbey Theatre in September of 1937 with memorable success.
T. D.

R. M. FOX; GREEN BANNERS; THE STORY OF THE IRISH STRUGGLE. London: Secker & Warburg, 22 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

This would have been a very fine book if the author had kept more in the back-ground his own conviction that there is no freedom but socialism, and that socialism is the remedy for all Irish ills. It is a description of all the different currents which went to make up the broad stream of the Irish Risorgimento, beginning with Davitt and Standish O'Grady and Douglas Hyde, and ending in the ghastly whirlpool of 1922. The author's hero, in the earlier periods, is Davitt; in the later, Connolly. He stresses particularly, if not excessively, the double conception of freedom which pervaded the later stages of the movement. On the one hand, the Gaelic League, Sinn Féin, Volunteer, I.R.B. idealist who had no particular economic theories, but strove for separation from England in order simply to make our land a nation free and grand. On the other the *national-socialist* theory of Connolly and the Citizen Army; that national freedom was a necessary preliminary to internationalism; that freedom meant the "emancipation" of the Irish working class, that is their control of the national resources "for human service instead of for profit" (page 98); and that the workers had only themselves to rely on. That this divergence existed is undoubted. When I, a volunteer and I.R.B. man, joined the Citizen Army in Stephen's Green on Easter Monday, 1916, one of them asked me—"What do you think of Karl Marx, Das Capital?" I said—"Never heard of him." He said—"My God! Did you ever hear of Rousseau's Social Contract?" I admitted I had. "Well, do you agree with that?" I said "Get on with the bl—y trench." But I could see he was wondering what I was doing there. On these points Mr. Fox is emphatically with Connolly. The result is a distorted picture. We see too much of the Dublin worker, not enough of the farmer's son. His theory leads Mr. Fox into grave errors. He thinks the movement should have encouraged the land-seizure agitation which broke out in 1918, instead of suppressing it by instituting the Arbitration Courts. Worse still, he presents the split in the Dáil in 1922 into pro- and anti-Treatyites as essentially a manifestation of the same inherent divergence! All the early chapters are very well done,

and do give a clear and interesting account of the rise of the different movements. The great fight of the strikers of 1913 is splendidly told. The author is not so successful when he tries to tell the confused story of the events preceding Easter Week. Connolly's share is definitely exaggerated. We must wait for Eoin MacNeill's memoirs before we can hope for a just picture.

In the account of the subsequent five years we are given, with all respect, a little too much about militant women. When we come to the Treaty and the Civil war, the book becomes hopelessly partisan, and in my opinion, almost worthless. Some thoughtful criticisms of the later *littérateurs* and dramatists close the book and suggest that Mr. Fox could write a very good volume on the literary history of the period covered by *Green Banners*.

Among scores of points of detail that I could dispute with Mr. Fox, there are two corrections I would like to make. On page 174, "Bob Decceur" should be Bob De Couer; a grand old soul of the Citizen Army with whom I spent the whole of Easter Week. Secondly, the G. man who pulled back our poor, beloved Seán MacDermott from deportation to execution was not Barton (page 270), nor yet Hoey, often accused of it, but a well-known Inspector of the period. I was standing close by when it happened.

LIAM O'BRIAIN.

THE BURIED-ALIVE CHRONICLES OF IRELAND. By L. Albert. London: Foyle. 2s. 6d. net.

The editor of "Six Thousand Years of Gaelic Grandeur Unearthed," which was noticed in THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE, last year, has issued a summary of the serial "Chronicles of Eri—the Ultonian part of the Annals (1006-7 B.C.)," printing the first chapter in full. The former publication was ignored by almost all the press in Ireland and England. In England this would not be matter for comment, but the silence of Dublin is not creditable. The London *Times* noticed it—a courteous gesture which underlined, to this foreign editor of an Irish work, the remoteness of this city of ours from the forms of etiquette familiar in other countries.

Hence the sub-title of this booklet: *An Open Challenge to the "Celtic Scholars" of Breo-tan and Er-i.*

His enthusiasm is unbounded, and his desire to convince students that this work deserves at least, criticism, even to condemnation, is reasonable. Roderic O'Connor's "Chronicles of Eri," published about 1820, is once more brought up for judgment. The authorities of his day damned it as a spurious production, and decided that the original MSS. that O'Connor claimed had been in his possession, never existed. Now that his work has been re-issued—from the Continent—it is due to the present generation of students of Irish pre-history and the pagan period generally, that some attention be given to its re-appearance, by our modern authorities.

With some of the editor's comments I disagree; but it is only my opinion, as opposed to his, and no one need be unduly influenced by the mere opinions of any man.

I do not agree that the "real state" of the Tuatha Dé Danann was that of simple half-savages.

I do not find it a "ridiculous assertion" that they told the Gaelic newcomers that the country was called *Isle of Destiny* or *Noble Isle*, as recorded in Gaelic by the Bards, on the grounds that *Inis Fáil* and *Inis Ealga*, *the Gaelic forms of the names*, were invented later by the Irish Bards.

I am afraid that Mr. Albert has not estimated fully the re-actions that arise in the mind of Irish readers in response to his constantly repeated laudation of Roderic O'Connor.

A writer on history or science gains no added credence because he is referred to as *the noble scion of a distinguished Irish family*. In the absence of the original sources of O'Connor's *Chronicles*, it is not enough to state that he is *the immortal preserver of the oldest and only truthful history of the Gaelic race (etc.)*. With us, the use of superlatives and over-laudation (if I may say so) of a writer's personal character, add nothing to our estimate of his work.

Especially is this true with regard to those who believe his book to be a "forgery," as they say. It is not enough to say that a continuous chronicle exists, but has been suppressed and hidden away these last two thousand years: that this *invaluable and revelatory document* was first brought to light in 1821, but has been once more *condemned to everlasting suppression and disappearance*. O'Connor writes of the destruction by fire of quantities of the original MSS.—the authorities asked to recognise the genuineness of "the *Chronicles*," will demand proofs that the originals did exist in O'Connor's time. I require proof that they did not exist.

There is an important typographical error on page 11 of the Summary in which St. Patrick arrived in the *Western Isle (451 B.C.)*

An interesting and arresting entry (page 44) is that dealing with Tighernmas which "contains the full story of the memorable attempt to introduce image worship in Ireland," in which we are told that the people refused to bend before the idols, and that the King unwilling to enforce the new ritual was slain by the priests. I have always been struck by the absence of reference to Crom Cruach, between his sudden appearance under Tighernmas and the miracle by St. Patrick. Two references to what we are told were *the idols* of the pagan Irish carry little weight. This one account (of twenty-six lines) deserves notice and comment by those whose position qualifies them to judge as to its quality as a tradition or a concoction.

As the entries in this section of O'Connor's *Chronicles* can be compared with the *Chronicles of Ulster*, I hope that some one of our authorities will at least give us some reason for the refusal to reply to this "challenge." It will be a poor return for all the labour spent by Mr. Albert; but it will be a sign of awaking consciousness, and more satisfying than the feeling he probably experiences of sitting waiting on the steps of a building with all the blinds drawn down.

A. K.

THE YEAR'S POETRY, 1938. Compiled by Denys Kilman Roberts and Geoffrey Grigson. London: John Lane, 5s. net.

Though the influence of the party machine is a little evident in this anthology, it must be admitted that those favoured with places by Messrs. Kilman Roberts

and Grigson are—most of them—worthy of the honour. Some synthetic prophecy is included and some appalling bunk.

"Everything has its place, like the charwoman in her box of essential clothes and qualifications or the gentleman poured down *his* sartorial chimney."

That is verse from the pen of a poet with an Irish name—Philip O'Connor. There is a good deal more by others of similar quality. What does it mean? Nothing, except that a lot of bluffers have crowded through the breach in the critical barricades.

The Year's Poetry has youth, vitality and humour. It includes sufficient good and exciting poetry to make up for the other stuff.

Frederic Prolosch is easily the outstanding contributor; his is not easy verse-in-fashion, but something likely to outlive many generations of jazz-writing. McNeice is a delight—

"It's no go the Yogi-Man, its no go Blavatsky,
All we want is a bank balance and a bit of skirt in a taxi."

That is practical politics and it is also good poetry. The poem from which these lines are taken is something to dispel the gloom brought on through the effort to read immortally unreadable verse. As a writer of happy poetry McNeice is followed closely by Auden. Stephen Spender is an authentic mystic. A new poet of quality is Francis Scarfe.

The Irish contributors are Yeats and Higgins and—if it is possible to bring him in—Geoffrey Taylor, "Geoffrey Phibbs" of sacred and *Irish Statesman* memory. The sunlight in the primeval forests of Ireland shines through Higgins' "Vision of Paradise Park"—

"When all God's walking beauties
Went by in nun-like robes."

But Yeats remained to the end the supreme magic-maker: he alone had perfect control over the fairy-godmother wand which transforms the mice of political or peasant gossip into beautiful horses. P. KAVANAGH.

PICASSO. By Gertrude Stein. London: Batsford. 7s. 6d. net.

There are two subjects to this book: Pablo Picasso and Gertrude Stein. Picasso is well represented with some sixty good reproductions of all "periods," several of them in colour, including many interesting but little-known works. This makes the book reasonably good value, considering the usual price of art-books in English.

Then there is the text. Were it by an unknown author, one would be inclined to dismiss it as pretentious rot. As it is, perhaps it has a certain biological interest. Miss Stein sees Picasso's work as the result of piled-up impressions inside him, which he then empties himself of completely, each exurgitation forming a new "period," after which the process starts again. That's all, it's very simple. One might have hoped a modern poet writing about a modern artist would make a more general rapprochement of the

contemporary cultural scene. In this line Miss Stein offers us a few anecdotes, and in one place says that Picasso was doing in graphic art what Stein did in poetry. This may be calculated to turn conscientious students to a determined scrutiny of Miss Stein's poems, but will hardly increase interest in Picasso.

Serious criticism of Picasso has yet to begin.

G. F.

THE TRAINS GO SOUTH. By Temple Lane. London: Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

There is much that is praiseworthy in this novel. The story moves in a small scope, but it is written with integrity and insight, and is a contribution of value to Anglo-Irish fiction. Miss Temple Lane is at her best in her handling of rural life. Her descriptions are excellent in this respect, and the rural characters and their Anglo-Irish dialect ring true to life. She is not so much at home with the characters of the middle class. Her county-family landowner and her city doctor are rather artificial, and the ladies are touched with a similar weakness. But the rural characters—though they are secondary in the scheme of the book—stand out in a firm relief of reality. It is a great pleasure to read a novel which is so sincere and thorough in its handling. And though it fails in places, here and there, in the easy flow of spontaneous composition, there is always the underlying feeling that the deep things of life have moved the author.

SARAH'S YOUTH. By O. E. Somerville & Martin Ross. Longmans, Green & Co. 7s. 6d.

THE WILD GEESSE. By Bridget Boland. Heineman, Ltd. 7s. 6d.

The best hours of Sarah's youth were spent on horseback, and the best chapters of this book deal with the joys of the chase, and the grand fellowship of a joy that is shared. There is a very fine account of a holiday Meet, and an equally fine picture of The Master at home. The Master is Miss Mary Lorimer, aged forty, still regarded by her three elder sisters (all very large and handsome ladies) as the child of the family. A sense of humour tempers all the book. But the story is conventional in the extreme: Sarah, a high-spirited girl, is admired by a middle-aged man: her father, for his own convenience, urges the match, while the girl breaks her heart (as much heart as she has at this period) for a youth "beneath" her. When this youth falls in love with one of his own standing, and Sarah's father dies, our heroine decides that marriage is not in her line, and goes abroad. She is not altogether stricken; in the offing is the young eligible for whom we know she will one day make a suitable bride. But if the plot lacks originality, we have, in the telling of it, all the sweetness and kindly humour that Somerville and Martin Ross cannot but bring with them.

Under very different conditions from those of Sarah's carefree youth the members of the Kinross family grew up—two hundred years earlier. This Irish Catholic family had not, at that time, the right to own even the farm in which they lived. But hardship and danger can be strengthening companions; Maurice and Catherine Kinross had a fire to match their need. Not so their elder brother; all his love was given to the land, and when that land was taken from him, Brandan Kinross withered. "If our hearts broke easily we would all die young in

Kerry," writes Maurice, and he leaves Kerry for France. Maurice is one of "*The Wild Geese*" from which this fine story gets its name. Catherine, his sister, marries another of the band, and so the tale goes between France and Ireland (mostly in Ireland) a moving story of love, injustice, hatred, hope and gaiety. It is a most remarkable first novel, and Bridget Boland would, I think, have many more readers had she not chosen to put it completely into letter form. Yet could she have given us, in any other way, so memorable a picture of those days? Personally I would not have it changed—though some of the letters might be shortened.

T. D.

IRISH TALES. By Pat Mullen. London: Faber & Faber, Ltd. 8s. 6d. net.

Here, as in his "Man of Aran" and "Hero Breed," Pat Mullen brings to us all the liveliness and freshness of the West of Ireland. The work is composed of twelve highly imaginative tales taken down and translated from itinerant story-tellers who visited the author's home in Aran to talk of enchanted castles and princesses, of stalking giants and ugly witches and, of course, of Cuchulain, the greatest hero in Irish legend. "Irish Tales" is suggested as a seasonable gift-book for young people who love fairies, and for "grown-ups" who enjoy well-told traditional tales.

ENTANGLEMENT. By George Buchanan. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. 8s. 6d. net.

In "Entanglement" we have an example of the topical novel—or, rather, a literary "Cavalcade"—at its best. Using as his background the present-day Social unrest, brought about partly by the succession of political and international crises of the past two years, and introducing his admitted wide knowledge of world affairs, George Buchanan, an Irish author, presents an entertaining and informative story written around the reactions of forty interrelated characters drawn from different levels of society. The book, touching as it does so many subjects on a wide field, might have become highly involved and complicated by the introduction of so great a number of individual lives; but the author by his sense of proportion and conciseness, and with his style of descriptive and dialogue writing, has kept his theme in perfect control. This is a work well done, and in the doing of it the writer again has revealed his depth of thought and the width of his vision.

King of the Tinkers. Patricia Lynch. Dent. 6s.

Irish Holiday. Dorothy Hartley. Browne & Nolan. 7s. 6d.

There is a difference between children's books and books for children; the latter children will read, or listen to others reading, happily enough, but will wonder when they grow older at what they enjoyed when they were very young. Such books are written condescendingly, written badly, written usually by people with fleas in their ears.

Now, children's books are among the major pleasures of life, and those who

can write them are of the rare few who do not lose with age the right to enter the kingdom of children. To this company the author of *King of the Tinkers* belongs. Here is some of the magic of James Stephens: the illustrations almost catch the spirit of the writing. The whole is highly recommended.

Irish Holiday is no commonplace guide to Ireland. Not satisfied to follow the blazed trail of the round tourist, Miss Hartley chose to make the same journey that Giraldus Cambrensis made in the twelfth century. She must have suffered great discomfort; the weather seems to have been of the foulest for camping out at night. Yet there is nowhere a complaint. At times the descriptive writing is of a high order. There is one memorable account of Irish dancing. Miscellaneous information is scattered throughout the book, old legends are revived, cooking receipts supplied. The text is illustrated by photographs.

Miss Hartley has written a book of more than ephemeral interest. She does not, as other English writers do, gush over the country or exaggerate its eccentricity, but a protest must be made against her attitude towards the inhabitants; it is in the Dorothea Conyers tradition. Miss Hartley is too keen an observer to see them like that, unless (as I fear) she is an intellectual hearty. If it comes to that—better Boucicault than Bloomsbury. But don't be put off.

T. DE V. W.

MURPHY. By Samuel Beckett. G. Routledge & Sons, Ltd. London. 7s. 6d. net.

Murphy comes in the guise of a novel. But it is more a study in words and phrases, the characters being secondary affairs. The words and phrases are bewitching and exciting for any one interested in new and pointed expression. But few novel readers are in this category. The philosophical basis of the book may also interest the few who like to search out recondite ideas. For it is evident that Mr. Beckett had a definite view in end in its compilation. But this does not constitute a novel. And as it is not a novel, neither is it, as the title would indicate, Irish. Murphy, the chief character, hardly exists as a human being, so it would be difficult to label him with any nationality. The most feasible explanation is that Mr. Beckett was trying to follow in the wake of, say, *Gulliver* or *Penguin Island*. And being modern he is casual and broken-winged compared with the soaring and classical coherency of the older works. The whole thing is a bizarre fantasy, with a nasty twist about it that its self-evident cleverness and scholarship cannot redeem. Mr. Beckett has decided ability in out-lining eccentric personalities, as for instance, the one-eyed Cooper who could not knock, or sit, or take off his hat. And the one really human character in the book is Celia, the lady of loose morals.

NINE YEARS IS A LONG TIME. By Norah Hoult. London: William Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Hoult's newest book contains sixteen short stories, each one of which is written in her forthright, realistic style. She portrays life as she has found

it, from Surrey and the Merseyside to the quays and salons of Dublin: her contacts are many and varied, and in presenting her characters she hides nothing; she strips them, as it were, and shows them without the "trimmings." In a charming study of the minds and manners of children the author uses the same acute perception which she brings to bear upon the demi-monde and her "bottle-party" women who drink over-much and are too prone to use the sanguinary adjective. So realistic are Norah Hoult's characters that, were they others than the imaginings of a novelist, we might believe that where she were about it would not be possible for skeletons to lurk in cupboards; that she would just drag them out and transfer them to the Press. J. H.

THE DAY WILL COME. By John R. Richards. London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

THICKER THAN WATER. By Nigel Gosling. London: Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

The merits of *The Day Will Come* are confined solely to graphic, forceful writing, which, after describing in detail the sordid, and sometimes disgusting, episodes in the career of a bookseller's assistant, concludes on a crescendo of melodrama. "A Picture of the Complete Blaguard" would be an apt alternative title for this story, wherein is little of the kindlier side of human nature and none of the light relief which can be found aplenty, even in the most degraded walks of life, and which here would be welcomed palliatives for the boredom inflicted by repetitions of the most delicate points in the techniques of seduction. Facetious readers may see in this story a moral which is, surely, outside the author's imagination—the depth of degradation into which a purloiner of rare editions may descend. Mr. Richards' character—Randall—began his career by "pocketing" his master's books, but he had knowledge sufficient to choose only those which were likely to interest discerning buyers.

In *Thicker Than Water*, too, the motif is feminine frailty. Gilpin major and Gilpin minor, like many other brothers similar in appearance, are built up with opposite emotions. Minor flirts with Clare, and is for a while "in the way of" marrying her; Major, the sensualist, seduces her. As an analysis of the sympathetic relationship between the brothers, the story is not devoid of entertainment, but it is besmirched by some of the intimate details of the ways of a man with a maid.

PROPAGANDA. By R. S. Lambert.

FACTORY LAW. By C. D. Rackham.

RUDE MECHANICALS. By Nora Ratcliff.

} Discussion Books Nos. 13, 7 & 8.
(Nelson. 2s. each).

These little volumes deal exhaustively with their subjects. "Propaganda" is likely to have the most universal appeal as this particular activity from the growth of the Press, Commercial advertising, and now as used by dictators to incite awe in peace-loving countries, has become one of the most ominous factors

in the life of our time. The various aspects of propaganda—the Press, the Film, Wireless, also censorship and Government propaganda are here dealt with in detail. Stress is laid on the development of propaganda by the Northcliffe Press during the Great War. In some ways Lord Northcliffe was the fore-runner of Signor Gadya and the amiable Dr. Goebbels.

“Factory Law” is a subject for the specialist. The Factory Acts are, of course, of special significance in that they mark a growth in humanitarian feeling, but the references to these acts in this book may be more detailed than the average reader is likely to find refreshing.

“Rude Mechanicals” deals with the growth of village theatricals in England, a movement which the magazine Drama and The Drama League have done so much to foster.

T. D. V. W.

STARS BEHIND THE MOON. By Walter Butler, the Potter Press, 29 St. Giles, Oxford. 3s. 9d., including postage.

An Oriental anticipation of Hegels' Absolute declares that “It is not this ; It is not that.” Mr. Butler's fifty (or so) brief lyrics may be similarly described. They are not clever, nor cynical, nor sophistical-simple, nor leftist, not rightist nor centrist. How could they come within one of these last three categories, being the utterances of a mind which thinks in old time English and is busied not with ideology but with fancy? They are, again, neither incomprehensible nor can the reader fail to make them scan! Finally, though not modern, they are scarcely classic or in “the grand style.” (Perhaps, indeed, Matthew Arnold wrote its epilogue when he thus acclaimed it, but that is irrelevant). Indeed the moods to which Mr. Butler returns are nearer to Glanville than to Arnold, less austere in outlook, more simple and sensuous, though too slight to be called passionate. The music these lyrics recall is rather that of lute and recorder than of the sounding brass and clanging cymbal which our modernly orchestrated percussive verse brings under the reader's eye, even when his ear repels it.

If there is an air of other-worldliness and antiquity in this little book, it is not all ghostly. The universe in which Mr. Butler's ingenuous muse seeks verbal incarnation is revealed in his poems *Aeohen* and *Vision* as childlike and spirituelle. Those who can preserve the child's attitude to sound will appreciate his *pianissimo* note.

The universe of sound (and Mr. Butler is musician as well as poet) contains many worlds. It would be ill to miss the music of plucked strings, deafened by the tyrannous throb of contemporary drums. We hope the book's reception will encourage him later to add new strings to his consort of viols and to discover fresh harmonies for his charming melody.

H. F. N.

CHAPTERS IN '98 HISTORY. By Joseph H. Fowler. With an Introduction by Professor Stockley. London: The St. Giles Bookshop. Price 3s. 6d.

Mr. Fowler has completed, what one hopes will be, only the first series of his "Chapters of '98 History." Some of the earlier chapters, issued as leaflets, were noticed in these pages; now they appear in full dress book form and with an introduction by Professor Stockley.

To anyone interested in this period they must prove invaluable; the majority of the names recorded in these pages are familiar to all, but there are many little pieces of information scattered here and there that are not easily accessible, and for which, we must feel grateful to the author, for his research and not least, for the happy thought of recording them in this form.

Of all events in Irish history, we doubt if any has so influenced popular imagination as the Rebellion of 1798, this year has been remarkable for the number of celebrations in connection with the one hundred and fortieth anniversary, it is remarkable also, that there have been so few publications to mark the event, in fact this little volume is the only one we are aware of. This is so different to that obtaining in the centenary year. The collector to-day will prize and will eagerly search for, the ephemeral publications of the latter year; in view of the fact that the edition of this work is limited to five hundred copies, we are sure that this will soon become a collector's piece also.

The author, at some personal loss, has gathered his modest harvest and issued them in an attractive format, he has the '98 tradition in his blood, being a direct descendant of the Byrne's of Ballymanus. The work is enhanced with reproductions of rare portraits, engravings and drawings. F. S. B.

A CENTURY OF NATIONALISM. By H. L. Featherstone. Nelson. 2s.

HUMAN TYPES. By R. W. Firth. Nelson. 2s.

THE NEW SWEDEN. By Bjarne Braatoy. Nelson. 2s.

Here are three "Discussion Books" dealing with subjects of contemporary political interest. The idea of the series is to put forward a working summary of the available fact and thought on the subjects considered, on more or less "non-party" lines, and in this they are tolerably successful; their utility is enhanced by the inclusion of good working bibliographies in each volume.

That on nationalism is the least satisfactory of the three here reviewed. Mr. Featherstone adheres to what seems a quaintly outmoded idealist attitude to nationalism, regarding it as an isolated phenomenon advancing to its own fruition in the history of the last hundred years. No account is taken of economic forces, and no real distinction is made between the nationalism of genuinely oppressed nations seeking their own emancipation, and that of those merely seeking to create a new imperialist nationalism of their own.

Mr. Firth's volume is a lively and critical introduction to the principal problems of modern social anthropology; it is only a pity the title does not at once make explicit what the book is concerned with.

Mr. Braatoy's book will certainly find eager readers. In the post-war, post-crisis, post-Munich world, Sweden stands alone among the western democracies in representing a real stepforwards,—and not backwards—towards

a planned economy, and yet the details of her socialistic experiment are not widely known. This book should do something to fill the gap. "Non-party" is often an excuse for mere intellectual cowardice, or else for a veiled attempt at white-washing the status quo, but Mr. Braatoy really avoids partisanship: while supporting on broad lines the programme of the socialist government he is critical of its past mistakes and can see its difficulties, and he can end on a refreshing note of optimism: "Sweden proved between 1932 and 1936 that democracy can handle a crisis. Sweden now proves that democracy is also capable of planning to meet a crisis."

G. F.

THE CRITERION. A QUARTERLY REVIEW. Edited by T. S. Eliot. January 1939. Faber. 7s. 6d.

This is the last number of *The Criterion*. With it Mr. Eliot announces the termination of his sixteen years editorship. Founded after the war, *The Criterion* stood for a long time alone in England in an attempt to uphold high standards in both critical and imaginative writing, such as were aimed at over shorter periods by such papers as *The Calendar of Modern Letters*, *The Dial*, or *Hound and Horn*. Acting on both critical and eclectic principles, it published work by modern writers, established and unestablished, English and foreign. It is a commonplace that, as time went on, it became progressively more eclectic and less critical, and of recent years one sometimes had the impression that Mr. Eliot himself had not read what was printed in it. Nevertheless, one could be almost certain of finding a certain proportion of really valuable work in each number, such as would be difficult to find elsewhere. Thus, the present number opens with a pompous and quite uncritical panegyric of Bismarck's writings, and this is followed by a difficult but probably interesting poem of Hugh MacDiarmid. Then comes an excellent article by Ronald Bottrall on "Byron and the Colloquial Tradition." Follows an effusion of Pound on Crevel, which is *not* typical of Pound's best critical work, and then another article of high standard by M. C. Bradbrook and M. G. Lloyd Thomas on Marvell. Then there is a flowery article on "The Absolute Collective," the obituary of the editor, and the usual series of "Chronicles," noteworthy that on "France" by Montgomery Belgen. In the section "Books of the Quarter" most recent books of note are reviewed, although the quality of the reviewing is again decidedly varied.

Whatever criticisms one may make of *The Criterion's* actual performance, we can only view the passing of what it stood for with extreme regret. If the decease of *The Criterion* indicates anything to-day it indicates the difficulty of survival for purely eclectic reviews: it is the magazines that have "policy," such as *Scrutiny*, *Purpose*, *The Colosseum*, that are thriving in modern England, and not only preserving their critical standards but raising them.

G. F.